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FEBRUARY 13, 1968

RISIS IN KOREA

NATIONAL REVIEW

Armageddon in New Hampshire

NEAL B. FREEMAN

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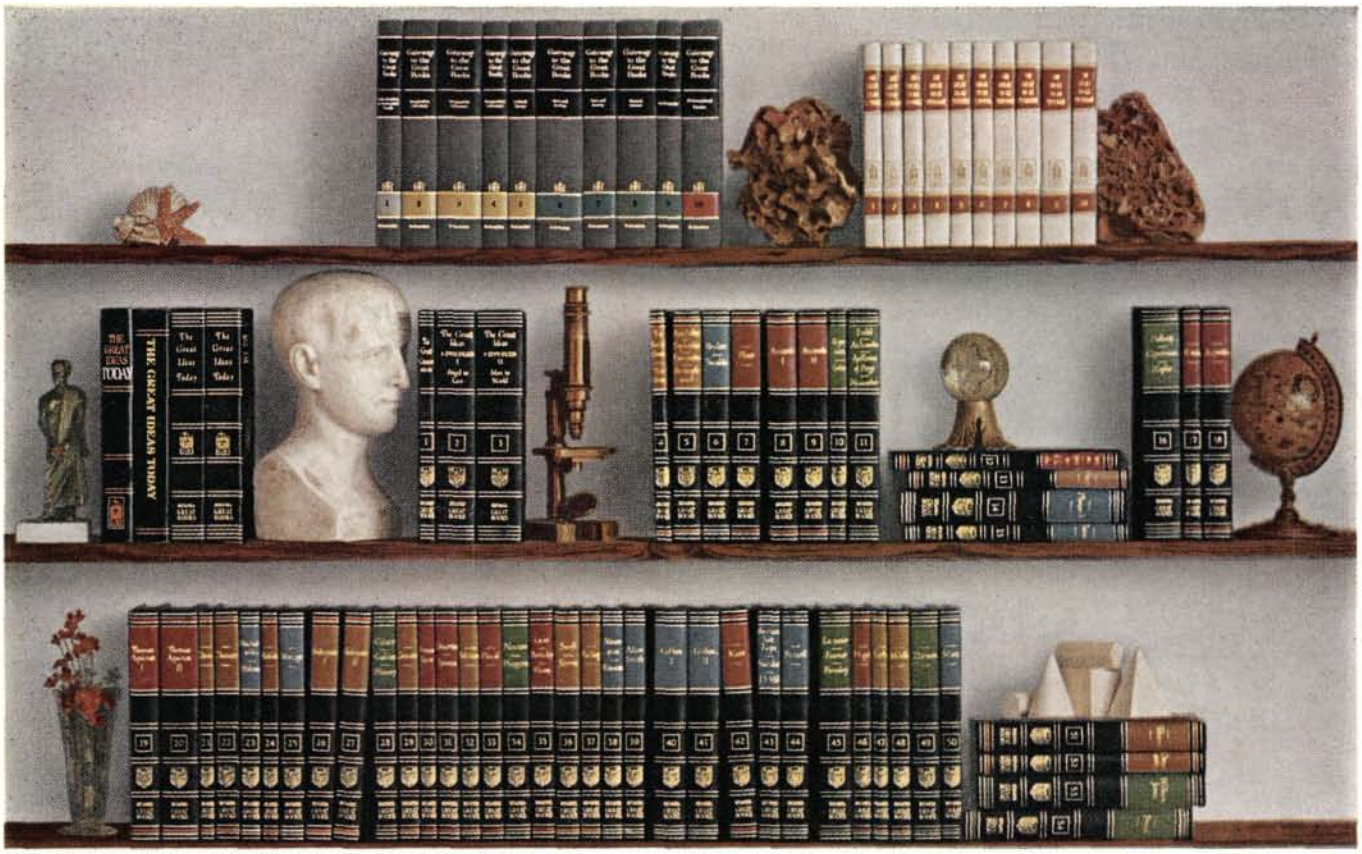

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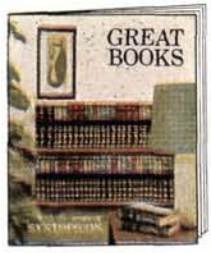

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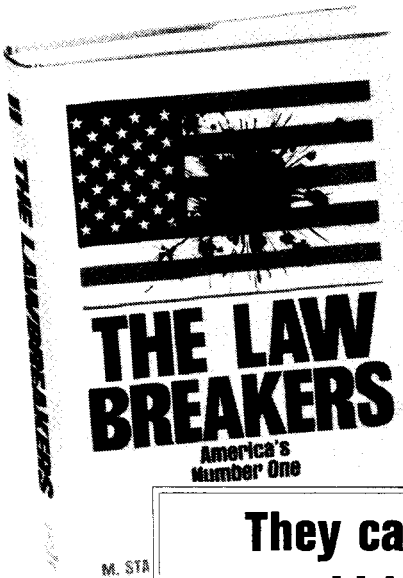

A THUG JAMS A BROKEN BOTTLE into a policeman's face — and Chicago judge George Leighton treats the *hood* as the injured party.

PUBLIC HOUSING: Breeding ground for punks — and slums. Crime and vandalism are so rampant that one housing authority spends $91,000 a year for private guard service to augment the 24-hour city police patrol.

THE DIRTY DOZEN: 12 Sunset Strip swingers (six male, six female) shack up in communal opulence — *on their welfare checks.*

IN NEW YORK CITY, 38 neighbors listen to the screams of Kitty Genovese. Some watch her being stabbed to death. Nobody calls the police.

They call it the Great Society, but Crime Society would be more like it. We never had it so scared.

Now — the first book that documents the connection between Liberalism and America's crime crisis. THE LAWBREAKERS by M. Stanton Evans and Margaret Moore. (A selection of the Conservative Book Club.)

This new book proves what many Americans have long felt — that the crime explosion grows directly out of Liberalism. Under Kennedy and Johnson, crime has grown almost seven times faster than the population. Our nation now suffers more than 2.6 million serious crimes per year. And we have far more crime than gets reported: three times as many burglaries, twice as many assaults and larcenies over $50. In some areas the police are told about only 10% of the crime.

Even LBJ admits that crime is now costing $27 billion a year. Out of every 1,000 Americans (the population of a single block in many cities), 14 were victims of a serious crime in 1964. And the rate is still shooting up. The FBI projects a 78% rise over the next decade.

Ominously, the under-18 age group now accounts for 48% of our crime. From 1940 to 1960, the juvenile population rose by 25%. One child out of eight — girls as well as boys — now becomes delinquent.

How do the Liberals account for all this? You know the line: "poverty" . . . "the conditions that breed crime" . . . "ghettos" . . . "not enough welfare."

What are the real causes? The Liberals dare not face up to them — because the failure lies, stinking, at their doorstep. M. Stanton Evans and Margaret Moore have no such inhibitions. They see the rise in crime as a breakdown in morals; and they spell out, in damning factual detail, how the Liberals have led the assault on our traditional values:

- *Seven Warren Court decisions that make our streets safer for savages. After* Miranda, *suspects refusing to make statements quadruple. Washington policeman finds narcotics under pusher's porch, but under court rulings his search is deemed "unreasonable." New York cop arrests burglary suspect, but the man, though guilty, goes free: the officer had no "probable cause" to suspect theft!*
- *Welfare payments rise more than five times faster than the population — and Watts erupts in a riot.*
- *Government poverty workers actually scheme to keep their "clients" from taking jobs in private industry.*
- *The materialist factor. Official deep-thinkers blame both poverty and affluence for crime, evade the moral dimension. LBJ's Crime Commission stoutly ignores religious influences on behavior.*
- *Johnstown, Pa. has nation's highest unemployment rate, lowest crime rate. The religious factor in Johnstown.*
- *A hard look at Sweden, beacon of the New Morality and welfare economics. Educators, clergy back pre-marital sex. Decline of the father in Swedish family life. Rise of alcoholism, drug addiction, venereal disease, juvenile crime. Fade-out of historical memory in favor of pop culture.*
- *"Family allowances," Great Society style: the bounty for illegitimate children. New Haven official predicts that by 1971 the illegitimates will outnumber those born in wedlock in his city (the urban renewal showcase, be it noted).*
- *Police chiefs the nation over chorus their protests against Court rulings, but politicians fear the Liberals more.*

How You and Your Family Can Combat the Crime Scourge

THE LAWBREAKERS is filled with practical guidance on a community action program that has already *proved effective* in Indianapolis. A sampling:

Court-Watchers: Citizens attend court, watch for abuses like unnecessary delays, tardy judges, loose bond practices, unprepared prosecutors, absurd leniency practices.

Combatting Delinquency and School Drop-Outs: Four-point program that teenagers eagerly respond to — and no federal handout needed, thank you.

Supporting the Police: Establishing citizens' "Crime Alert". Backing vital supportive legislation. Helping reduce non-crime-fighting responsibilities of the police.

EXAMINATION ON RISK-FREE GUARANTEE

The American people don't need to be told that terror stalks their neighborhoods. No fewer than 43% of the nation now feel they must stay off the streets at night — as if they lived at a jungle outpost.

But what they *do* need to be shown — over and over again between now and next November — is the connection between Liberalism and this terror. THE LAWBREAKERS is a book that every American should get — read — and talk about.

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NR 229

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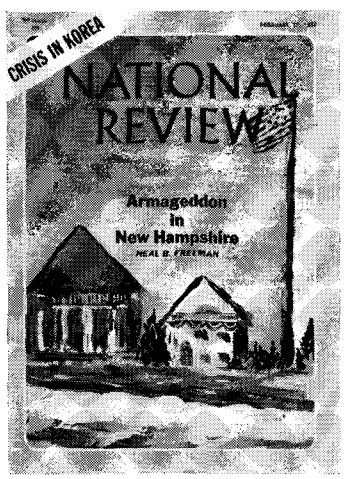
IN • THIS • ISSUE

➔ A reader takes exception to our announcement, in the last issue, of Mr. **Neal B. Freeman**'s cover piece, "Armageddon in New Hampshire." "I wish that you wouldn't exalt our anticipations to such a pitch," writes the Reverend Hollis M. French of Cornfield, N. H. "Us poor old New Hampshire agriculturists would really enjoy witnessing a conflict which promised the extinction of the hordes of political locusts that infest our state in four-year cycles, but we know it ain't a-goin' to be that way at all. . . . The only matter suggesting an Armageddon will be the fall-out from campaign bombasts, likely to be thicker than the falling snow. . . ." Come now. New Hampshire can take it. And New Hampshire can dish it out, too, as she proved in 1964 to the vast bewilderment of the political pros. Mr. Freeman, a pro who knows that politics is the art in which anything is possible, has great respect for the voters of New Hampshire. . . . Our cover, incidentally, is by **Priscilla L. Buckley**, who was induced to take up painting a year ago in the *atelier* of the editor-in-chief and has since become the leading exponent of the *NR* school of New England post-impressionism. . . . **Jeffrey Hart,** Professor of English at Dartmouth University, reminds us of the continuing relevance of David Hume's strictures on visionary politics; and in a related article, **James Fletcher** looks at some contemporary political visionaries (Senator Fulbright, Mary McCarthy, Martin Luther King) and finds a peculiar nullity at the heart of their rhetoric. Mr. Fletcher, back from Oxford, now teaches at Chapel Hill. . . . Reports from all over: **Gerhart Niemeyer,** of the University of Notre Dame, dilates on the significance of Taiwan; **Tom Sage**, whose beat is the Mediterranean, visits the Italy of Padre Pio; and **Robert Peter**, a continental journalist living in Montevideo, relates some of the local happenings.



➔ We devote a special editorial section to the crisis in Korea, which takes many forms—one of them being, in **James Burnham**'s view, its effect upon the polycentric theory of Communism. . . . **Russell Kirk** flourishes a little book on sanity in education which has brought its author a peck of trouble.

➔ South Africa is examined, through Allen Drury's eyes, by the noted economist **W. H. Hutt,** formerly of Cape Town University, now teaching at Rockford College, Ill. . . . Two *NR* contributors collaborated on *The Counterfeiters;* **Arlene Croce** rejoices in Hugh Kenner's text but Guy Davenport's illustrations are incommunicable. . . . **Frank J. Johnson** is with the American Security Council in Washington, D. C. . . . **Arnold W. Green**'s text on sociology is widely used; his latest book is *Recreation, Leisure and Politics.* . . . **William F. Rickenbacker** listens to music, reads it, plays it and sometimes records it (Mozart, Schubert, Chopin). Also, he reviews it. ➔

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LETTERS

Should We Legalize Pot?

Thanks for injecting brains into the great marijuana controversy [Jan. 30]. Antoni Gollan's piece was remarkably informative and the comeback by Ferdinand Mount was no less so. I still haven't made up my mind but for the first time, thanks to *NR*, I feel like I've made the scene. Intellectually, that is.
Middlebury, Vt. MIDGE WARNER

Antoni Gollan, by putting the marijuana controversy in a proper perspective, has raised conservative discourse on the subject to a high level.

I am disturbed, but not surprised, when collectivists justify the marijuana laws; that's their bag, after all. But I *am* perplexed when I get the same arguments from conservatives who only a short while ago were explaining that fluoridation of water supplies should not be made compulsory, since the health hazard it allegedly would prevent (tooth decay) was not a communicable disease.
New York, N.Y. DAVID FRANKE

I am at best a "liberal" and at the worst a "fellow traveler" or a "pinko" from your political vantage point, but for once I am amused to see that I find something to agree with in Antoni Gollan's attitude toward marijuana. Mr. Gollan's was an expertly written, unbiased and thoroughly logical, rational article, for a change. Now if you would only apply some of that same logic to Vietnam, perhaps? . . .
Madison, Wis. RICHARD PATER

Turn on, Pater. We do it all the time—ED.

All Greek

All my life I have had the impression that I was an American *of Greek descent.* In the Jan. 16 issue your editors informed me that I was really an Albanian. And now Herr Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn "informs" me, and the rest of the world, that the Greeks are not "predominantly of Hellenic ancestry" [Jan. 30]. It is *not* owing to such gems of anthropology that some Hellenes still subscribe to NATIONAL REVIEW.
Brooklyn, N.Y. PETER MITILINEOS

Suppress Dr. King?

Some of the obstacles the Negro must pass beyond are people like Frank S. Meyer who tell Negroes to *earn* respect and employment, and then set a price intolerable to any man.

Meyer urges [Jan. 16] Negroes to earn respect and employment. He suggests the way to do this is to follow the fawning "Yes, boss" technique of Booker T. Washington! At the same time he claims that we must suppress (from a libertarian we hear "suppress"?) Dr. King's more militant approaches.

Meyer has many good words favoring the advancement of the Negro. But even so, his "suppress Dr. King" position and his endorsement of Booker T.'s bowed-head approach hints that one of those the Negro must bow down to is F. S. Meyer. I use the word "hints" because I am confident that NATIONAL REVIEW writers are many levels above base, racist attitudes. Nevertheless, Negroes have to contend with well-meaning persons who pass down platitudes with phrases like "earn the right."
Berea, Ohio R. D. SOMMERS

1) It is not my invention, but the order of nature, that respect and economic well-being must be earned. 2) Mr. Sommers slanders Booker T. Washington, the most capable and clearest-thinking member of his race in the history of this country. 3) I am a libertarian conservative, not an anarchist. I will always support whatever expenditure of force is necessary to defend the order of a free society against sabotage or sedition, as I will against a foreign enemy. —FSM

Erudition

Nietzsche is a protean figure and his writings admit of variant readings. I do not quarrel with your reviewer, Stephen J. Tonsor [Jan. 16], but neither do I share his position. One point, however, deserves clarification: "Nietzsche's most difficult book, *The Will to Power,* inadequately translated and unscrupulously edited in the old Ludivici [sic!] edition . . ."

An eighteen-volume edition of Nietzsche's works appeared in English a decade after the philosopher's death. The editor was Oscar Levy, a medical man. There were several translators, but the major part of this task was borne by Anthony Mario Ludovici, a descendant of the Venetian noble family but now a third-generation Englishman. Ludovici was twenty-four in 1906, and was winding up a year as Rodin's secretary, a post which exercised his artistic and linguistic talents. He was shortly to start work on his translation of *The Will To Power.*

Nineteen hundred and six was the publication date of Frau Förster-Nietzsche's final compilation of her brother's remaining notes and papers as *Der Wille zur Macht,* in two volumes. Volume I appeared in English in 1909, Volume II in 1910. Young Ludovici observes in his Translator's Preface that the work "suffers from all the disadvantages that a book must suffer from which has been arranged and ordered by *foster* hands." (Italics added. Is it possible that Ludovici suspected Nietzsche's sister of tampering with her brother's materials and said so cryptically with this play on her married name, Förster?) In any event, the translator resolves to achieve a literal rendering of the text and asks the reader to bear this in mind "whenever he is struck by a certain clumsiness, either of expression or disposition, in the course of reading this translation." Mr. Ludovici polished up his translation for the third edition of *The Will to Power* in 1924. It is not, of course, in the American idiom of 1968!

Now, as to the unscrupulous editing. Two German scholars, Karl Schlechta and Wilhelm Hoppe, researched the Nietzsche material in the mid-1930s and came up with a sensational finding: that Elizabeth Förster-Nietzsche had altered and falsified many of her brother's letters and much of the unpublished material left in her keeping after his mental breakdown. Schlechta has written extensively on the matter. The point is that the unscrupulous editing, if such it was, was the work of the warped sister of Nietzsche; the English version was made from a published book. The full details will become available if and when Ludovici publishes his autobiography; he passed his 85th milestone a few weeks ago.

EDMUND A. OPITZ
Foundation for Economic Education
Irvington-on-Hudson, N.Y.

I am in basic agreement with Anthony Lejeune's analysis of *Left, Right, and Center* [Jan. 16], but a couple of points disturb me:

a) I really wonder if "the newest freshman at Ohio State" would prefer the Madisonian approach to that of a Prof. Spitz? According to Madison, man's evil nature precludes his willingness to "cooperate for the common good," paving the way for the argument that man is not good enough for socialism, to the delight of socialists. Idealistic youth would, I think, often prefer socialism in this exchange of polemics.

b) Mr. Lejeune states that the argument that a free economy is the most effective producer of wealth is only minor to conservatives, and can never be their prime consideration. But are freedom and material welfare always incompatible? The socialists think so.

These two issues, and the position taken by conservatives, may actually work against the realization of greater

(Continued on p. 151)

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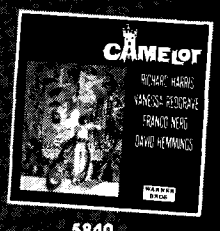

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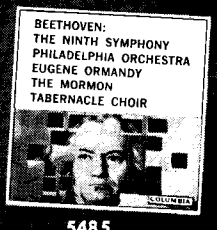

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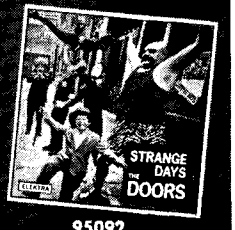

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The WEEK

● That slow private silent death that is the boatmate of every man who goes down to the sea in submarines has claimed its own once more. Twice more: the *Minèrve,* sailing out of Toulon, that ancient nest of French fighting vessels, and the *Dakar,* submergent from Tel Aviv, within the space of one week took their final sounding, and in their shared sea, the Mediterranean. It would have been unlike the sea to give us such events quite free of mystery. One wonders what the French were up to *(mais qu'allait-il faire en cette galère?)*, one wonders why they spurned the offers of help in the search effort, one wonders what the Israelis were doing in an armed submarine sixty miles east of Cyprus. None can oppose at least this one conclusion: that the world is armed, and on the prowl, and there is not likely to be peace in our time.

● Last week the minimum wage hopped up to $1.60 an hour (with many exclusions) from $1.40—a 14 per cent rise (Lord save us if the unions hope to match it!). About thirty months ago Dr. Arthur Burns (formerly Eisenhower's economic chieftain) issued a forecast in his book, *The Management of Prosperity,* which was based on historical experience: "In the absence of any change in the general state of the economy, another increase of twenty-five cents in the minimum wage would be likely to raise the unemployment rate of nonwhite teen-agers by as much as 8 percentage points." The present rise will (after a few months) contribute heavily to teen-age nonwhite unemployment, and should be considered a contributory factor in next summer's disorders. You'd think Congress would at least have the good sense to raise the minimum wage in the autumn and put people out of work when the weather is cool and tempers are more serene.

● The Harris guns-and-butter poll found most people thinking we could afford both but assigning top priority to the war in Vietnam if asked to choose. After the war effort, here are the things people are willing to spend money on, in descending order of importance: aid to education, law enforcement, anti-poverty, Medicaid, welfare, farmers' subsidies, pollution control, aid to cities, space, highways. And in the Gallup, the President's popularity is up ten points.

● In a recent and detailed report from the scene, Hanson W. Baldwin, military analyst of the *New York Times,* has described "the construction program and the miracles of supply that accompanied it" carried out in South Vietnam by a typically American combination of four private contractors and the military services. "At the peak of construction there were enough earth-moving and road-paving equipment and concrete and asphalt plants in the country to dig the Suez Canal in a year and a half and to surface the [120 miles-long] New Jersey Turnpike every thirty days. . . . The major projects" —including six new deepwater ports, eight shallow-draft ports, eight jet air bases and more than eighty airfields, hundreds of miles of new or upgraded roads, bridges by the hundreds, oil pipelines and tanks, storage and maintenance areas and cantonments and barracks for 325,000 men—"are finished and the supply problem has largely been solved. The construction program has 'satisfied the requirement of the tactical commander'. . . . It has trained several hundred thousand Vietnamese . . . providing the nation with technical skills." The base is thus established not only for a promising transformation of the conduct of the war but for a dynamic economic and social advance by South Vietnam, once the war is concluded.

● That spectacular political youth, New York's Conservative Party, has come up with its "1968 Legislative Program"—a longish document that gives background thinking and concrete proposals in such areas as taxes and spending, education, the organization of the state legislature, welfare, law enforcement, the business climate, housing, elections, religious observances in public life, and reapportionment. It is a model of conservative philosophy accommodating itself to the iron givens of practical political considerations, and we commend it to conservatives of all parties in and out of office (while reminding the curious that the Conservative Party of New York was the child of very special multiparty political parentage, and we still stand by the straight two-party system in other states). The Legislative Program is available from the Conservative Party, 468 Park Avenue South, New York, New York 10016, for $5.

● The B-52 crash in Greenland is the fourteenth announced aircraft accident involving nuclear weapons, the second outside U.S. territory. It is rumored that as a result of this latest episode, with its usual accompaniment of press hysteria, our airborne alert, reduced some while ago to a small number of planes, will be canceled. This would remove a significant element from our composite strategic nuclear force, which would thereafter have only vulnerable aircraft at ground stations to add a dimension to the missile systems. Looked at rationally, these fourteen

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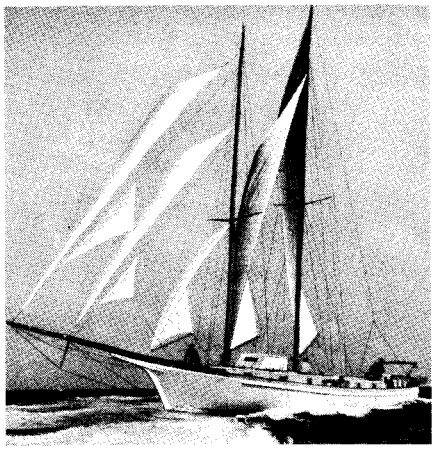

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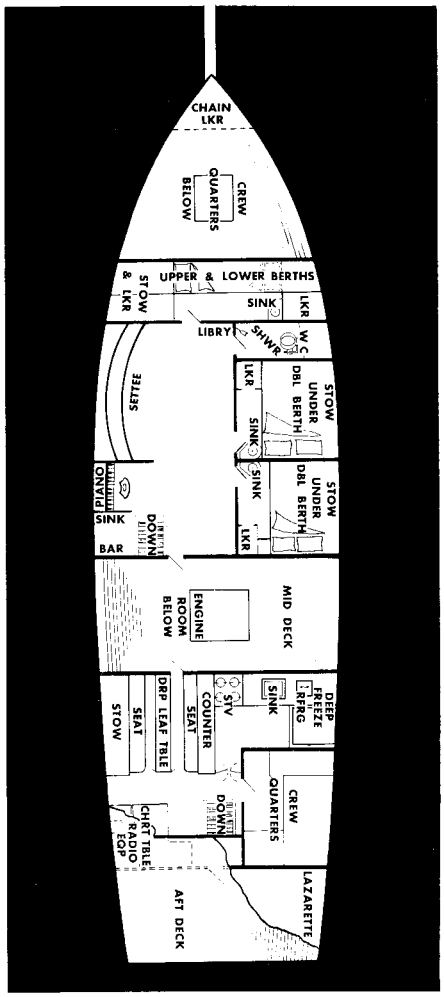

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diverse accidents, spread over a long period, should be reassuring: They have led to none of the catastrophic consequences prophesied by the SANE types; the safety precautions have worked; there has been no nuclear explosion; there has been not a single casualty traceable to the nuclear devices.

● The Rev. Thomas R. Melville, on why Maryknollers are getting involved with pro-Castro guerrillas in Guatemala: "Our response to the present situation is not because we have read either Marx or Lenin, but because we have read the New Testament." Well, there are an awful lot of sloppy translations of that book going the rounds these days.

● The last French units were withdrawn from Mers-el-Kebir, the last major French naval base in Africa, by the last day of January—ten days ahead of schedule. Is this the prelude to a Soviet acquisition of the big and beautifully equipped base? No, say the French. According to the 1962 Evian Treaty, they explain, France has an option on Mers-el-Kebir until 1977 and even if she pulls back her naval and air units, still the option remains valid and Algeria cannot legally turn the base over to any other power. Yes, but what if Algeria decides to lease it to the Soviet Union anyway, what can France do about that? Well, nothing, the French admit. But they add that General de Gaulle will feel duped and aggrieved. So may his NATO "partners."

● Huang Pao-tung, army chef under the Shenyang command, student and devotee of the Thought of Chairman Mao, has applied that Thought to the army stove, and after 370 experiments ("Go on discovering . . . Be resolute . . . Fear no sacrifice. . . ") has succeeded in reducing the consumption of coal to 0.085 kg per person per day. Meanwhile, back in Jakarta, twenty heroic freedom-fighters, pickled in the Thought of Chairman Mao, enjoyed a miraculous and instantaneous cure of injuries received while fighting fascist troops in front of the Chinese Embassy, and shouted: "Chairman Mao, Chairman Mao! You are the very red sun which shines most brightly in our hearts! As we look at you, our eyes become bright and our direction becomes clear; as we look at you, our hearts become red and our bones like steel. . . ." As reported in *Chicom National Affairs*, a resolute newsletter, and forwarded to us by a blue-hearted friend.

● Box-office risks left and right: "Before [John Wayne] was able to interest Warner's in [*The Green Berets*] by making what he concedes is 'a lot rougher deal than I would normally have made,' two other major studios had backed away from something they considered, because of its cost and subject matter, too risky. At least three other film-makers, including Stanley Kramer, have shelved plans to make Vietnam stories."—*New York Times*, Dec. 24, 1967. "*Viva Che*, a dramatized biography of Dr. Ernesto (Che) Guevara, the Cuban leader who was killed last October at 37 during a revolt in Bolivia, will be filmed by Sy Bartlett for 20th Century-Fox release. . . . *Viva Che* may have some competition, the [studio] spokesman said. 'Mr. Bartlett also discovered in researching material for the picture that Premier Castro also is planning to make a movie on Che Guevara . . .'" *Ibid*, Jan. 24, 1968.

● French Premier Georges Pompidou wants French civil servants to cut out bureaucratic verbal embellishments and say what they have to say, clearly, concisely and preferably in good French. "An administration which cannot make itself understood immediately without an interpreter does not fulfill its purpose," he said. It cannot, alas, be said that this stricture applies to M. Pompidou's leader.

● Latest in the Back Britain campaign: This suggestion by the Secretary of the British Marriage Guidance Council. If the 42,000 couples who will, in the course of events this year, file for divorce, don't, they will save $8.4 million in legal fees.

● New Hampshire and Oxford County in Maine have a common boundary that runs for 100 miles. And guess what, on February 12, Lincoln's Birthday, a whole month before the New Hampshire primary, Oxford County Republicans will be staging a Presidential convention to nominate a candidate, and everything except the acceptance speech will be for real. Nixon, Romney, Reagan and Rockefeller will all be nominated. There will be press facilities. The affair, though of course strictly unofficial, could get tense, what with regional rivalries and all, and the goings-on are bound to be provocative—not only to New Hampshirites.

● Try, try to understand. To be conservative is to be anti-collectivistic, anti-authoritarian and anti-utopian. It is in short to be liberal, but as we live in a society dominated by people whose collectivist, authoritarian and utopian impulses are disguised even from themselves, and who call themselves liberals because it sounds so lovely, it follows that a lot of other things go in disguise, too. Such as a Soviet poet who praises Stalin, according to a recent communiqué from Moscow, "in a journal noted as a forum for conservative writers." How can praise of Stalin fit into a forum for *conservative* writers? Stalin is not lovely. If anybody called Stalin a liberal he would not be believed. But if somebody calls Stalin lovely and it gets printed there surely must

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be conservatives at work here because they are the opposite of liberals. They are the nasty ones, see? Lovely=liberal, nasty=conservative. Think you've got it now?

Elected Silence

Things are copacetic just now for Nelson Rockefeller. By simply keeping his mouth shut he has held Republican conservatives at bay and at the same time invited everyone who wants a liberal alternative to Johnson and Nixon to find it in him. Republicans who might once have looked beyond Romney to Charles Percy have now to look beyond Percy to Class B contenders like Hatfield, Rhodes and Gavin. GOP state politics have eroded Percy's home base; he may not even emerge from Illinois as favorite son. In this vacuum the Rockefeller silence assumes Coriolanus-like proportions. On January 29 the *New York Times* went to its knees with a lead editorial imploring him to speak. Nothing doing. But "the Governor, in an unusually playful and cheerful mood, stepped up on a television cable after a public ceremony in the Capitol, and mincing along the cable arms akimbo in the manner of a high-wire artist, he chuckled: 'That's the position I'm in right now.' " Newsmen asked him to comment on the *Pueblo*. "At first he ignored the question, but when it was repeated, he shrugged and said: 'When you are backing somebody else and are not a candidate yourself, you cannot start taking positions on international issues, for the minute you do, the *New York Times* and every other newspaper says you're a candidate.' "

The aplomb of an acrobat. Rockefeller can avoid committing himself by taking refuge in his support for Romney and look graceful doing it. At the same time he can, by holding himself in reserve, pull potential voters away from the declared candidate(s) on the assumption that Rockefeller's got something better to offer. Actually, all Rockefeller has is a pair of gently smiling jaws, which he keeps tightly clamped while Romney hustles and Nixon, think tank bubbling, begins his descent into New Hampshire. What he says when he finally opens his mouth—the positions he takes on the issues that matter—may depend entirely on how long events there and in succeeding primaries enable him to keep it shut.

Punch Ben Roth Agency

"You've sure got a point there, Senator—fireproof draft cards."

For He's a Jolly Good Fellow

The evening after his arraignment in Boston, Dr. Benjamin Spock flew down to New York for a draft resistance rally in his honor. Smiling, he waved to the two hundred or so huddled in the drizzle outside Manhattan Center—the orphans too late for seats—and when he strode through the doors toward the stage, four thousand former babies rose to applaud. One well-dressed woman in her fifties remarked to the nods of her neighbors, "I'm glad I paid $5 even if it was only for that." (Half those in attendance had

Nobody Here But Us Chickens

Boy, don't they love to laugh (Hee! Hee!)
At talk about "conspiracy."
It's silly (Ha!) in this, the year
That non-proliferation's here
To say the Russians give the word
To harass Uncle Sam. *Absurd.*
That Che was shot and Castro's glum
Is circumstantial. Don't be *dumb.*
The fact that Aden's almost Red
Just means the British army fled.
Mers-el-Kebir? The French are through,
And just because the base's crew
Speaks Russian, all the kookies blow
Their crazy whistles! (Ho! Ho! Ho!)
(It's *shocking* how they carry on.)
Now, with the *Pueblo* in Wonsan,
The "Communist conspiracy"
Will drive them nuts. (Not *me.*) Tee-hee.

W. H. VON DREELE

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Focus on WASHINGTON

◆ We've all read about the $300-million cut in the appropriation and the closing of all those Job Corps centers, but the big trouble for Sargent Shriver's Office of Economic Opportunity is just starting. In the rush to pass everything and adjourn before Christmas, scarcely anyone noticed the amendment that Sen. Winston Prouty (R., Vt.) tacked onto the OEO appropriation. It called for a full investigation of the "war on poverty" by the General Accounting Office—a shop that, though nominally part of the Executive branch, is answerable only to Congress and has a long tradition of independence and immunity to partisan pressure. Now, very quietly, 150 men have begun carrying out the biggest assignment their agency has ever been handed: in the language of Prouty's amendment, ". . . to determine 1) the efficiency of administration of programs and activities by the Office of Economic Opportunity . . . and 2) the extent to which such programs and activities achieve the objectives set forth in . . . the Economic Opportunity Act of 1964." In short, is OEO winning the war? The gnomes down at the GAO have until December 1 to find out and report back.

The OEO is not at all cost-efficient, says yet another member of Congress—this time Edith Green, Democrat from the maverick-prone state of Oregon. It was she, you may recall, who got the OEO bill amended to give fuller control over local programs to local authorities; now she's gone even further. She has joined the "moderate" Republicans in saying that while the poverty war is of course vital, it would be fought better by dismantling OEO and turning over its functions to old established agencies. OEO, she told reporters the other day, spends too much on publicity, public relations and high salaries; is "too much concerned about image and not enough about substance." Noting that OEO expects a cost of $6,900 this year per Job Corps trainee, she recalled a visit to a Jobs Corps center in Chicago where 39 adults were teaching 39 girls to be nurse's aides—at a cost of $3,900 per girl in running expenses alone. Back here in Washington, she said, public vocational high schools teach the same thing for $769 per pupil per year.

◆ Know Your Charities! Something called the United Congressional Appeal has been launched here, to "save America from one-world socialism" by helping the campaigns of (unnamed) senators and representatives. Prime mover is former Texas Representative Bruce Alger, who sent letters to notables of the Right asking them to serve as sponsors of the group. Some—especially Congressman John Ashbrook (R., Ohio)—were distressed to find that their names were already on the stationery, as sponsors. "Unless I receive confirmation from you," Alger wrote, "your name, of coure, will be removed from the letterhead." So far, Ashbrook, Denison Kitchel, Fulton Lewis III, YAF Chairman J. Alan MacKay and several others have ordered their names removed. Firm supporters of the Appeal include Dr. Billy James Hargis and his Christian Crusade, Americans for National Security, Constitutional Alliance Inc., Friends of Rhodesian Independence and Col. C. B. Dall's Liberty Lobby. Nobody's seen the revised letterhead.

◆ It's risky for government employees to go around taking non-government assignments, but this one—if it's true—probably has the OK of Number One. A Chicago newspaper has claimed that exactly one thousand federal agents—from the FBI, Coast Guard and Internal Revenue Service to name a few—will be doing guard duty at the Democratic National Convention in Chicago this August. That's the gathering that Dick Gregory and other civil rights types have promised to do their disobedient best to break up by "tying up the whole Police Department with fifty or sixty different demonstrations at one time." Mayor Richard Daley—who *does* have close ties with the White House—has warned that nothing of the sort will be allowed to occur. And now this report, that a thousand feds, in plainclothes and with side-arms, will be around to see that delegates and only delegates get to the convention floor, and that all persons admitted to the gallery are carefully screened.

An FBI man pooh-poohed the story; for publication he would only say "No Comment." An official of another agency involved, who didn't even want the agency named, said: "We don't have any responsibility for the protection of the President—that's Secret Service. We don't guard delegates—that's for the local police to handle. I can't see any reasons we'd have for being there, unless we thought federal laws were being violated."

—CATO

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some gray hair; only a few were Negroes.)

Most looked surprised when Spock, the featured turn, was cued in to speak early in the program. He joked with his audience, his audience laughed, and he finished a short talk by appealing to voters to work within the major parties for the nomination of peace candidates. Healthy applause. As he finished, he was joined at the mike by a young boy, about twelve-years-old, with his younger sister. "We were brought up on your book," chortled the boy (sympathetic laughter). And as his sister made a presentation to Spock he continued, "We bring you this with thoughts of children hurt by U.S. bombs in Vietnam." Then the rally got down to business.

First came the move away from specific statements —which had at least punctuated Spock's talk—to a more stirring rhetoric. Pete Seeger sang a song that ended with the lines, *"Oh, oh love of my country/I refuse to be a good German."* Jarvis Tyner, of the pro-Communist W.E.B. DuBois Clubs, built outward from the rhetorical base to denounce all those who oppose restrictions on Communist activity, the Negro revolu-

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In the Next Issue

Strategy of the Indirect Approach
by Robert Strausz-Hupé
The Man from Gold's Underground
by Charles Foley

tion, and the cause of socialism in the United States. The bulk of the audience, which had peaked already and was no longer fully alert, applauded automatically at the prompting of a well-briefed claque. Then came James Forman of SNCC, who called resistance to the draft—"the prop that's holding up this f - - - - - - system"—only one small part of a "multi-phased fight" against white imperialism. "All whites are responsible for oppression," shouted Forman, and, turning to Spock, he added, "even the pseudo-daddy of us all." Spock nodded in embarrassed acquiescence; the audience applauded. When Forman had finished, Ralph Schoenman, the director of the Bertrand Russell War Crimes Tribunal, gave a closed-fisted salute from the back of the stage and rushed forward to pump Forman's hand. "Greetings from Bertrand Russell to the American Revolution," said Schoenman, appropriating the mike. "And greetings from El Che!" —PPA

Senator McCarthy Gathers Moss

Eugene McCarthy filed in the New Hampshire primary last week while his campaign was being boosted by endorsements from SANE and a new group called Campus Concerned Democrats. Those developments point up the elegantly quixotic mood of his whole rebellion: small groups isolated from the American mainland by their special pleadings (SANE) or by sheer geography (the campus types) are all for him; he shines in a New Hampshire living room when an earnest young man asks, "Do we have anything to say to these societies like, ah, Guatemala—is there anything the U.S. can do?" (His reply, according to the *Washington Post*: "Well, the military is so strong in this Administration, we might do as well to keep out altogether. . .")

Senator McCarthy, however, has entered national politics, which is not a living room, and he seems unable to move the people who matter: professional politicians and the American masses. If, as Sen. McCarthy claims each day, Vietnam is dividing the nation, then should not the "peace candidate" exploit that division for the good of his own cause? Even if he could, the Senator isn't; the latest predictions are that he will get only about 5 per cent of the vote in New Hampshire. Meanwhile, the man who might make a go of it as a peace candidate, Bobby Kennedy, pounded another nail into the McCarthy coffin with his announcement that he would not oppose renomination of President Johnson "under any foreseeable circumstances."

Regroup

President Johnson, like most egocentrics, is not an easy man to work for. Almost from the beginning of his independent Presidency he has had trouble keeping good men in his official family, and really big trouble getting halfway good men to replace those who have quit.

In recent weeks the turnover has accelerated. Mr. McNamara has resigned as Secretary of Defense. Mr. Gardner has quit the Healthy, Wealthy & Wise Department. Mr. Schultze has resigned from his post as head of the Bureau of the Budget. Mr. Ackley has given up the chairmanship of the Council of Economic Advisers. There are rumors that Mr. Udall desires to stop being Secretary of the Interior. And, to the rumors of his impending resignation, one may add *Fortune* Magazine's recent loud cry for the resignation of Mr. Fowler, the hapless Secretary of the Treasury.

Actually there is more afoot than mere dissatisfaction at the extreme difficulty of working for Mr. Johnson. There is also Mr. Johnson's desire to get his ship down to battle trim for the November elections. If the two great trouble-spots of his Administration are the Vietnam war and the uproar in the cities, then it would not do to sail into battle with masthead streaming the colors of Gardner and McNamara. If the dollar is in trouble, then let's be rid of Joe Fowler. And with a budget approaching $200,000,000,000 (or is it $200,000,000,000,000?), who needs a Budget Director?

The point is this. If Johnson keeps the old hands, he has to defend their record. If he goes into the political campaign with a new and unknown crew (whose primary qualification is loyalty to himself), who can say he isn't leading the best team after all? You can't attack a vacuum.

So goodbye to the old faces, and of the new let's mention only the most interesting one, Mr. Clark Clifford, career friend to Presidents, and now Secretary of Defense. Mr. Clifford is a lawyer, a Washingtonian, and a Democrat (the mirror image of "lawyer, New Yorker, and Republican"). He sailed through the appointment-investigation-confirmation maze in champion style, setting a new indoor speed record, and keeping the opposition confused. The *Washington Post* and the unreliable Drew Pearson, suspecting Clifford is a hawk, have already begun to ha'nt him. The *New York Post* and the *Christian*

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Science Monitor think he's a dove who has merely been tarred and feathered. The Administration is ostensibly unhappy with certain overly hawkish statements of Clifford before the Senate Armed Services Committee.

Mr. Johnson, having learned that he can't keep the lights turned out at the White House all the time, has decided that the next best defense is to people it with chameleons. In mid-November they will stand and be recognized. In the meanwhile the Administration will lie low—and high.

Not the Unkindest Cuts

Never has the British Cabinet spent so long (31 hours, 35 minutes) on one topic—the cuts in government spending. At the end, press, public and Swiss bankers were exhausted by an orgy of predictions, most of which proved much more exciting than the real thing. First of all, the cuts did not achieve their immediate aim, to start the money flowing back into Britain. And they failed for the simple reason that the immediate reductions were phony. Mr. Wilson claimed a cut of $720 million this year. In fact the total budget will go *up* by $1,680 million. The notional saving is on what would have been spent had Labor's extravagant plans been executed in full—like your saving $2,500 because your wife didn't buy that new mink coat.

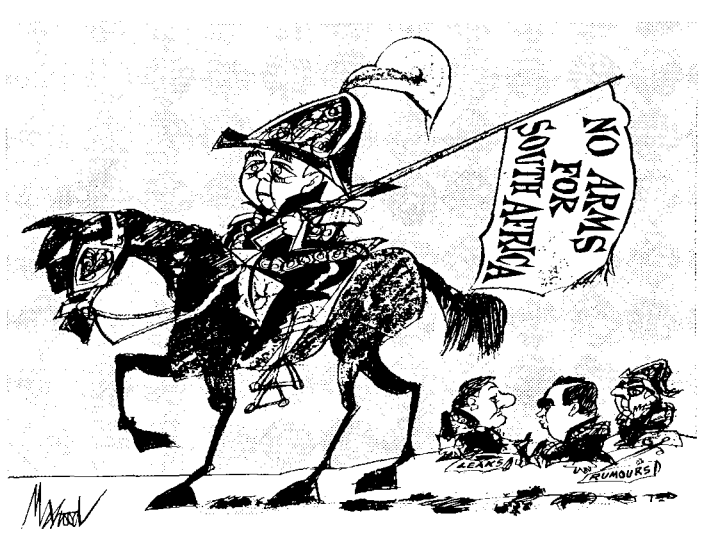
But the real reason why the money has not flooded back—and why pundits fear another devaluation this spring (though such a fear probably underestimates the amount of international credit now mobilizable)—is that Roy Jenkins, the new Chancellor, did not accompany cuts in the government program with a curtailment of the private spending spree or with measures to restrain wages. Housewives are hauling home as many washing machines and spring clothes as they can carry before Mr. Jenkins makes good on his threat to raise the purchase tax. And one in every four British workers is in line for a pay rise, usually well in excess of the government guideposts.

Feeble and partial as the cuts have been and beset as they are by the socialist sin of announcing an intention to take tough action without actually doing so, they do betoken two substantial shifts in the outlook of Britain in general and of the Labor Party in particular. First, the withdrawal east of Suez has been transformed from an economic necessity into a political virtue. It took the resignation of his Navy Minister and another sterling crisis to persuade Mr. Wilson of the view that it was not possible to cut capability without also cutting commitments, which last has now been done in the guise of "recognizing Britain's new place in the world." The slightly more encouraging shift is that even the majority of socialists now recognize that Britain's welfare services are wasteful and outdated. Measures to concentrate family allowances on those who really need them and even to make some people pay a minimal thirty-cent charge for drug prescriptions would have been unthinkable a few years back. Nevertheless the major surgery needed to open the socialist mind to some glimmerings of common sense has left the patient weak and petulant. Twenty-six left wingers refused to support the Wilson economy package and the severe crisis of confidence in the Prime Minister has now spread to his own party. As Ian Smith said in Rhodesia after the news from London: "Sanctions are beginning to bite at last."

Whose Lynch Law?

The *Washington Post* editorial writers (incidentally, what a pity it is that they should be King Charles' Head liberals, in the light of the excellence of the balance of their newspaper) are raising cain over the Young Americans for Freedom mock trial of the Communist Party, coming up a couple of weeks from now in Washington. The idea is to rehearse before a "jury" the reasons why the Communist Party is guilty of international crimes however defined, whether you accept Nuremburg, or the Genocide Convention of the United Nations, or Peloponnesian Treaty, or the natural law. It was never pretended that such a trial would have the effect of persuading the Kremlin to send Khrushchev and Kosygin over to Ft. Leavenworth. But the sponsors shrewdly saw that in an age when Bertrand Russell is popping about the world accusing the United States of things we never committed, it is hardly a waste of a couple of days' time in Washington to accuse the Communists of crimes that they did commit. Obvious?

Not to the fulminating *Post,* which begins the editorial it closes by accusing the Young Americans for Freedom of lynch law, by remarking "Monkey see, monkey do is a dubious formula at best and a thoroughly silly one when what monkey does is nothing but monkey business." The next two hundred words



Times, London — Ben Roth Agency

"Nothing except a battle lost can be half so melancholy as a battle won."

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ARE 'VARIES'?

NAL

From the Hip *

St. Valentine's Day: Will You Be Ours?

ROBERT M. PATRICK

I take Valentine's Day to heart.

No kidding. It gets me right here. And the other day, when I flipped my handy three-foot desk calendar to February (and noticed that the Big Day was roughly 14 days away), I decided to send Valentines early and often this year.

My first thought was to make sure that that impressively perky little Kathleen was still safely employed down in the Circulation Department (I certainly wouldn't want that miss to be missed).

I loitered about the water cooler rather longer than, perhaps, I should have, before Kathleen swished up.

"Just checking," I said firmly. But my nervousness showed.

"You're nervous too, Mr. Patrick?" she said. "Golly, we're *all* nervous down here—but I didn't know it had reached the third floor!"

"My Nervous, why should you be dear?" I retorted, and immediately wished I hadn't.

"Well, it's all because this is the Big Year, isn't it? I mean, with everybody running for President and all, interest should be at peak levels, shouldn't it? And that *should* mean circulation will reach a new high too! OOOOHH, we just can't wait—even though I suppose it *will* be an awful lot of work. But you know us!"

As a matter of fact I really don't know her—them, that is—very well, but I'm always willing to learn.

"Are you saying that election years are good ones for getting new subscribers?" I prodded.

How High Can We Get?

"Well of course Mr. Patrick *I* wasn't here four whole years ago—I was still in Mini High—but take a Peak we reached during the Goldwater campaign for example: by Election Day we had over 90,000 subscribers, or almost half again as many as we *started* the campaign with! Now when you also consider—do you have a moment, or am I keeping you?—consider that we *kept* most of them (we had about 90,000 subscribers just last issue), and you can easily see, Sir, how high we can get this year!"

Beguiling as she was, honesty prevailed: "Your statistics are indeed fascinating. Miss Kathleen," I admitted, "but I *do* have to get back to my column—I only just dropped down to make sure you were still here—you're on my Valentine list, you know."

"Spiffy, Clyde!" she bubbled. "I'll warn everybody—but you know, the Valentines we're *really* looking for down here are those mash-notes from new subscribers—thousands of them! Then we'll *know* people really care about us!"

Patrick

Spread the Word

Heartwarming thought!, I thought, as I skipped back upstairs. Maybe I can help her out there? Why not, for instance, just *tell* our readers how much new subscribers mean to the kids slaving away in the hold, so to speak, of NR? For that matter, why not make it possible for every reader to send our circulation people a Valentine right now?

"A *better* idea, Bob old Man," I said to myself: spread the word—discreetly of course—in your column. Then bob up to the Art Department (fourth floor) and get them to do a card, appropriate hearts, arrows and all, that you can just rrrriiippp out and use *now* to send Kathleen and her co-workers the Valentine they really *want*.

Yes, introduce someone you know to *National Review today*. Or give a gift subscription. The card provides for that. But strike *now*, while the election year is hot. Surely you can think of lots of people who would enjoy NR in '68? Good for you: use the card facing this page immediately, before you do another thing!

* * *

Back already? Gee, that was fast! Thanks a million.

*Bill Buckley suggested that—just this once—I change the name of my column to "From the Heart." My own feeling is that people will *know* it's from the heart without my larding the lily. But then I'll know for *sure* when I see how many of you *do* use-the-card-facing-this-page.

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tell us how wrong Russell was to commit so many irregularities, and therefore how wrong YAF is.

The *Post* misses the point, of course, which is that the truth needs to be dramatized, because modern diplomacy tends to find its occlusion a matter of great convenience—"Good words," Stalin told us, "are a mask for concealment of bad deeds. Sincere diplomacy is no more possible than dry water or iron wood." That is okay for diplomats, sometimes they have to do that. But it isn't okay for students and historians and young Americans for freedom; and it isn't okay, one would think, for journalists. Wouldn't it have been nice if the *Post* had made these observations, welcoming this demonstration of youthful integrity, instead of dumping Abercrombie, Snead and Twitchell all over the students' show. Square, squarest.

Notes & Asides

Where were we? First, an urgent communication concerning the problems raised last issue by Mr. William Rickenbacker. It is from our former colleague Mr. Timothy Wheeler, now an editor at Arlington House. He writes:

"Trust Rickenbacker to boggle down in the middle of a perigraph! Fortunately, however, after some hours of careful preponderances, I believe I can reconstipate the missing lions. It should go something like this.

" 'Suffering from an acuse case of infarcted bloviasis of the fantod? Snew Hums, the only riggly chuff! Warsher over flintion! Driputed lexanalysis completely refirms the findings of the National Institution of Fantodiasis that regular daily soncumation of Hums, the riggly chuff, underarches the fantodial trax. In this stimulated remonstration, phlume has infarcted the blovia on the left, causing slurth and thanatosis. So if you are trebled by septums of nagging muzzleslurth, snew Hums, the chuble ("chubble"?—W.F.B.) abtufabtiduabt with the gradient most doctors inscribe! Hums for the gummy, the only riggly chuff' " Henceforward, Hums-lovers will please confine their messages to *NR*'s advertising pages.

Miscellaneous: Professor Pauling's appeal from judgments of lower courts dismissing his suit for $1 million damages in libel against NATIONAL REVIEW, Wm. F. Buckley Jr. and William A. Rusher will be heard by the Court of Appeals, the highest court of the State of New York, on February 26th. Professor Pauling's counsel on this argument will be Attorney Louis Nizer. *NR* et al. will be represented by Mr. C. Dickerman Williams, who tried the case and also won the first appeal to the Appellate Division. NATIONAL REVIEW will, in addition to the argument upon which it has hitherto won the case, make the additional argument that to assert falsely that a man is a Communist no longer makes a *prima facie* case of libel. Prior to 1941 such an accusation was not libelous. In 1947 the Court of Appeals held that "the then public attitude—transitory though it may be"—toward Communism was such that the law should be changed. Mr. Williams will assert that the present respectability of Communism shows that the public attitude current in 1947 has indeed proved to be "transitory."

The announced article, "A Nervous Vi*e*w of Ronald Reagan," by Hugh Kenner, has been postponed. We thought it best to run it alongside a second article that seeks to answer some of the points raised by Mr. Kenner so robustly and eloquently.

Today is the last day that I shall be working in the same office with my beloved Gertrude Vogt, who has been my secretary for almost fifteen years, and is now retiring, at the age of 98. She worked before for the editors of the *Freeman,* and before that, for the book section of the *Herald Tribune*, where she apprenticed under the formidable Isabel Paterson, the critic and stylist who would as soon have shot a man who split an infinitive. Perhaps it was there, perhaps earlier, that Mrs. Vogt acquired her extraordinary knowledge of syntax—she serves us as the Spanish Academy serves the Spaniards, as the court of last resort. But although her qualities as a secretary and, in effect, a copy editor, are without parallel, it is her qualities of supercompetence that have overcome us all. One has the feeling that nothing she associates with can possibly fail, that Napoleon's big mistake was not taking Mrs. Vogt to Moscow. And then somehow, she managed (and this was *not* Isabel Paterson's doing!) to acquire a tender nature, which suffuses her work with a brisk retary and, in effect, as copy editor, are without have never seen or talked to her. Mrs. Vogt will be here for two more months (characteristically, she gave two years' notice!), and then go to the West Coast to live near her son and grandchildren.

During those two months, I shall be away. I have not been fired, though the motion was made, in a letter sent to Mr. William Rusher, to wit: "I have never before written a letter of this type, but I am so floored after hearing your employee, William Buckley Jr., comment on the President's State of the Union Message and I feel at last here is an equal if not more so than the traitor to his country Benedict Arnold. This person, and I use the term loosely, is the most unfeeling, most stupid, most *most* of *worst* than I have ever heard." Would *you* go away? I shall be editing a textbook for Bobbs-Merrill on American conservative thought, doing my work for NATIONAL REVIEW and for the Washington Star Syndicate, taping four television programs in London, and growling at the ski slopes, which every year get steeper and bumpier: and refusing to think what life will be like, when I return, without Gertrude.

—W. F. B.

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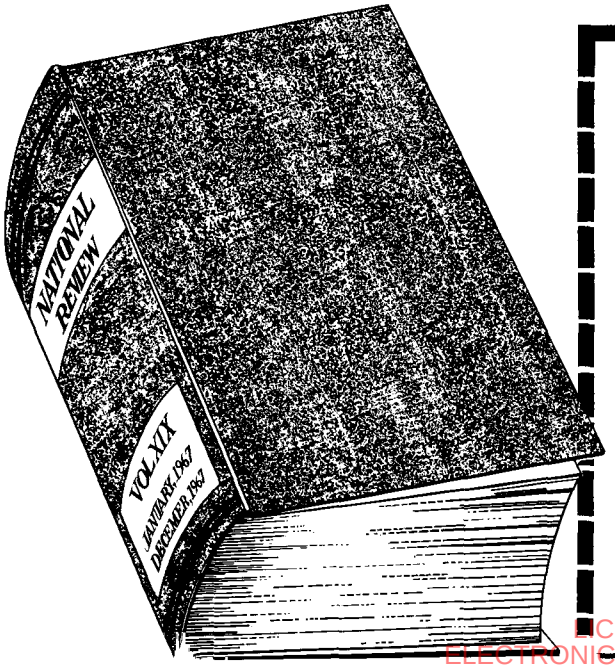

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Crisis in Korea

1. Why We Lost the Pueblo

The *Pueblo* was captured because the American command had made a faulty estimate of the intentions of the enemy—and of the state of the world. This is the more surprising because the North Koreans had very publicly advertised their intentions by both word and action. Their spokesmen have repeatedly declared their solidarity with the North Vietnamese and the necessity for Communists to mount diversionary actions in aid of Ho's battle against American imperialism. Over the past year they have killed hundreds of South Koreans and a score or so American soldiers in multiplied raids and infiltrations; only a few days before the *Pueblo* incident they sent an assassination squad into the center of Seoul. But even if they had given no special signs, a correct estimate of our global relation with the Communist zone—that is to say, a recognition that it is an enemy zone with open war in one sector—should have been sufficient warning.

On a correct reading of the situation it was folly to send an unarmed ship, pursuing a military objective and loaded with secret gear, into waters as hot as those off the North Korean coast, unless prior measures had been taken to watch and defend it or, if defense was impossible, to destroy it before it could fall into enemy hands. The facts that gradually come out about the absence of suitable aircraft within striking distance, the lack of surveillance and the failure to provide the *Pueblo* with self-destruct devices are in the sorry Pearl Harbor, Cuba-missile tradition. The delays in communicating up and down the line suggest that our military forces may be getting strangled in their fancy new gadgets.

Gadgets in any case can never be a substitute for horse sense. A false conception of the nature of the Communist enterprise (see column at right) has lulled our High Command into supposing that the other Communist nations would permit us to fight a localized war against Ho without outside interference. Kim Il Sung has set out to teach us better, if we are ready to learn..

The *Pueblo* affair re-emphasizes, also, a further and perennial error: the hope that a dynamic enemy can be countered indefinitely by a passive and defensive policy—by containment and/or coexistence. Given our defensive posture, he is always able to strike, as Kim Il Sung has struck, at the time and place of his own choosing that are most awkward for us. We, on our side, renounce every sort of initiative, waiting only to endure his blows.

2. What Is To Be Done?

The Administration reacted to the seizure with rage and frustration instead of objectivity and firmness. Rage and frustration never give a correct answer and often give a very wrong one. Dean Rusk admonished North Korea "to cool it"; he should first have given himself the same advice.

A mistake has been made; mistakes must be paid for. The Administration's rhetoric served to blow the affair up into a steaming major crisis. It would probably have been better to play it down, somewhat as last year's arrest of the Soviet snoop ships in Alaskan waters was played by both Moscow and Washington. Certainly it is easier for both sides to slide away from a "navigational error," "overzealous officer," or "garbled communication" than to climb down from the summit of a major crisis. Even if it were our side that had to eat most of the crow, a bit of crow is tastier than a second front.

If a military response was to be made, immediately was the proper time to make it. It is hard to figure out what sort of delayed military action would be able to free the *Pueblo* and its crew, though doubtless it would be easy enough to re-start the Korean war. The *Enterprise* and *Yorktown* may begin to look silly spinning around the 38th parallel—and the Marines at Khesanh must surely wish they were closer.

Of course, if we wanted to make a counterbalancing move, there are lots of Soviet "elints"—as they begin to

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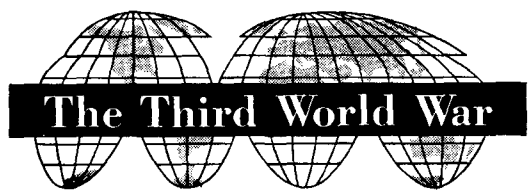

Irrelevance of Polycentrism

Commenting on the *Pueblo* incident, the *New York Times* (Jan. 26) declared: "One explanation for their action is that the Koreans may be trying to open a kind of second front to divert American and other allied forces and attention. Such Communist diversionary tactics were long since to have been expected as the Vietnamese conflict intensified. . . . Another possible explanation for Pyongyang's actions is that North Korea, perhaps prompted by the Soviet Union, is merely trying to raise the threat of a new front in order to increase pressure on Washington to move to the negotiating table."

Either or both of the hypotheses sound sensible, plausible; almost too obvious to linger over—except that it is the *Times* that states them. The *Times* is a tireless spokesman for the extreme, or Kennanite, form of the doctrine of "polycentrism." Stalinist, monolithic Communism has, according to this doctrine, split up under the pressures of nationalism. In truth, "Communism" no longer exists, if it ever really did. There are only Russian Sovietism, Yugoslavian Titoism, Chinese Maoism, Cuban Castroism, Vietnamese Ho Chi Minhism and presumably Korean Kim Il Sungism, more or less as there are French Gaullism, Spanish Franquism, Kenyan Kenyattism and American Johnsonism. That is, there are various national states, each with its national policy, in changing relations with one another. It is meaningless to speak of "Communism" as "the enemy"; it is obtuse fanaticism to have a general attitude of hostility toward Communist states. We can have friendly relations with some (*imprimis,* the Soviet Union) even while we are still having a bit of trouble with others (e.g., China).

If this doctrine is true, why should the North Koreans give a damn about opening "a kind of second front" for

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term these "electronic intelligence vessels"—to pick up, including a couple now escorting the *Enterprise*. Their side has broken the elint rules that have evidently been more or less accepted up to now. A trade might be easier to make if we had something to trade with. Moscow might act rather differently if we could say: "OK, if you want your boats back, tell your boy to return ours." But here comes our false estimate again: we decline to admit that there *is* another side. There's only us nations.

3. *Why Not Junk Our Nuclear Weapons?*

There is maybe one military action that might have and still might make sense; a nuclear bomb or two on sensitive North Korean spots—those Yalu bridges and power plants we overlooked eighteen years ago, the MiG-basing airfields, even the pens in Wonsan harbor itself that shelter and service the Soviet submarines. It doesn't take many planes or bombs when the bombs are nuclear. That's the sort of operation a flying saucer pilot, reasoning from how things were done on his home planet, might think would be the most suitable and sensible for the most technologically advanced nation.

But you *can't* use nuclear weapons!—only just possibly a few of the biggest intercontinental strategic sort if somebody else uses them first. You can't? Then what in the name of sanity do we have them for? Keeping aside the comparatively few needed to threaten the big intercontinental bang, why not junk the rest? Besides clearing out a lot of storage space, it would give us a swell chance to balance the budget.

---

the sake of the North Vietnamese state and South Vietnamese revolutionaries? What difference does it make to their own national destiny—which, according to the doctrine, is their sole concern—that they should risk so much? And what is this talk about "Communist diversionary tactics"? Communism doesn't even exist, so how can it do any diverting? And then that speculation about "perhaps prompted by the Soviet Union"! You'd think the *Times* had never heard that Stalin and the Comintern are dead.

◆ What this slip by the *Times* into horse sense shows is this: that the doctrine of Communist polycentrism, however correct at a certain level of theoretical analysis, is largely irrelevant in the practical crunches.

The polycentrists succumb, in reverse, to the same sort of conspiratorial concept of history that they scorn in those hard anti-Communists who believe Communism froze permanently in Stalin's image. Because the polycentrists can show that Communism is no longer a monolithic, highly disciplined apparatus taking orders from a single centralized High Command, they conclude that Communism on a world scale no longer has any significant unity, no longer, strictly speaking, exists. But deliberate, total control by a conspirator (or conspiracy) is not the only or usual or most important sort of unity that operates in society. Men or groups of men act along the same vectors because they think alike or because they share common circumstances, institutions or interests.

Prof. X in Cambridge and Prof. Y in Berkeley do not have to consult on a Hot Line to respond alike to a political event; their liberal ideology dictates the response. The bosses of a half-dozen construction unions don't have to get together in a smoke-filled room (though they might) to respect each other's picket lines. In spite of the suspicions of anti-trust enforcers, there is no need for a conspiracy (though there may be one) to level off the local price of gasoline or steel or shoelaces.

The *fact* is that the North Korean seizure of the *Pueblo* does constitute a diversionary operation aiding the North Vietnamese that may lead to an informal front; and this is the fact whether Communism is monolithic, polycentric or diatonic and whether or not anyone in Moscow talked to anyone in Pyongyang (which is probable enough, at that). Instead of launching its planes to help the Marines at Khesanh, the *Enterprise* is turning circles off Korea. U.S. military force, already strained, is more strained to meet the threat to the north.

The further fact is that *all* Communist nations jumped immediately to support Communist North Korea. In the Security Council the Communist delegates automatically gave it 100 per cent backing. Soviet spy ships dogged the *Enterprise* task force. World communications media were filled with denunciation of U.S. imperialism and aggression. Nor is there anything unusual in these facts. From the beginning Communist North Vietnam and its auxiliary, the Communist Vietcong, have been backed—militarily, economically, politically, propagandistically—by *all* Communist nations of every shape, size and color.

◆ Besides the historical, ideological, structural and institutional ties that press them into a common front at every critical turn, the Communists are held together by the firmest of all cements: a common enemy—our own nation, that is, as the decisive present embodiment of Western civilization. The choice of enemy is always the controlling political and strategic factor. Though I hate his guts and spit on his mother, the enemy of my enemy (as the Moslems say) is my friend; after all, we come out shooting in the same direction.

And how advantageous it is for the Communist nations that our polycentrist-addled leadership declines to recognize this simple reality! The Soviet Union—the primary antagonist—can reap the gains of a *Pueblo* incident as of the North Vietnamese aggression without risking any retaliatory loss. We seize a few Soviet spy ships to balance *Pueblo*? What a shocking suggestion. The Soviets had nothing to do with the *Pueblo* seizure: we've proved that in advance by our polycentric doctrine. What we do with the Soviets is make treaties to protect both them and us from those *bad* Communist nations.

JAMES BURNHAM

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COVER STORY

Nixon has to win and win big. Romney doesn't have to win at all. Which will it be—sympathy for Mr. Nice Guy or admiration for Mr. Experience?

ARMAGEDDON IN NEW HAMPSHIRE

NEAL B. FREEMAN

Concord, N. H.

If there is a truly sophisticated voter, he is a Republican and lives in New Hampshire. He knows the fine points of the game as well as the Miamian knows the minutiae of jai alai.

Consider. Every fourth year the New Hampshire Republican must equip himself to handle a number of uncommon chores. He must be able to penetrate the riddles of the nation's most complicated ballot. He must be able to do a quick turn on Huntley-Brinkley on any late-breaking campaign developments. All the while, according to some unwritten code, he must cover his tracks from the pursuing legions of pollsters, reporters and political handicappers. He goes to all the trouble because a) he loves the game, b) the tourism is nothing but good for the commonweal, c) he feels in a way the weight of history on his capable shoulders, and d) because he has no "boss" onto whom he can shrug the responsibility.

Perhaps the story of Harold ("Tubby") Ayer will suffice to make most of these points. (Or most of the story. I was trying to pin Tubby down for an interview when I heard, just two weeks ago, that he had shot himself.) In 1964, Tubby filed in the March primary as a delegate to the Republican National Convention. He was, at that time, an unemployed road agent from Heniker—the road agent is the fellow who salts the roads when the snows come—and his chances of success seemed remote. For one thing, the competition was stiff. Three of his opponents loomed particularly large: New Hampshire's distinguished senior Senator Norris Cotton, former Congressman (now Republican National Committeeman) Perkins Bass and former Governor Hugh Gregg. For another thing, Tubby was not an effective campaigner; the rest of the field seemed to have him outclassed.

Voters Stick to Their Course

But Tubby was marching to the right drummer, as the final tally clearly indicated: Ayer—29,000, Cotton—23,000, Bass—18,000, and Gregg—17,000. It was not, of course, a stunning personal victory for Tubby Ayer over the titans of New Hampshire politics. The 351 votes he got two years later in a race for the Senate were, perhaps, a better measure of his personal following. His election as delegate was, instead, a by-product of the sweep for Henry Cabot Lodge that sent the "pros" into a dither in early 1964.

What his election demonstrated about New Hampshire politics was that the voters would not be deflected from their charted course, even if it meant skipping over Sen. Cotton to vote for somebody named Ayer, and that they had felt no compunctions about disguising that course from the inquiring eye of the public media. Sophistication is the word for it, with a little whimsey, and just a dash of irony.

Only desperate men consign their fates to such juries. Richard Nixon and George Romney, for instance.

Nixon has to win here and win big. If he loses, that *will* be his last press conference. If he squeaks out a victory, he will be in serious trouble. The potential Reaganites on his starboard side will get nervous and begin to jump ship; the old loyalists will begin re-examining the depth of their loyalties. It will seem to confirm the old saw that Nixon is a good man only three years out of every four, only in non-Presidential years.

As of now, however, my impression is that Nixon is well ahead. He has a lot going for him here, and if he knows anything, he knows how to husband his political capital. First of all, Nixon is a winner in New Hampshire. That is his image. In 1956, for instance, it was a spontaneous Nixon write-in that doused the dump-Nixon brushfire set off by Harold Stassen. Four years later, he got a thumping vote of confidence when it did him the most good, early on in the nomination campaign. He went on to carry the state over JFK by 28,000 votes, a healthy margin in this small state. In 1964, although his write-in tally was overshadowed by the Lodge landslide, he got 15,587, which stood up very well to the Goldwater and Rockefeller totals of 20,692 and 19,504 respectively. Goldwater and Rockefeller had campaigned extensively, while the Lodge forces relied on a fine-grid direct-mail campaign. Nixon had only his residual popularity (stirred gently by maverick former Governor Wesley Powell), but it was obviously considerable. In sum, it is generally accepted in Republican officialdom here that Nixon would be a good draw at the top of the ticket next fall.

Secondly, Nixon enjoys the exuberant support of the *Manchester Union Leader* and its politically conservative publisher, William Loeb. The *Union Leader* is the only statewide

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paper, the only morning paper, and the only Sunday paper in all of New Hampshire. Loeb's Page One editorials thus have great impact on an election, perhaps not the decisive impact they used to have, but real, measurable clout, especially in a primary. With Loeb's support, however, comes the almost automatic opposi-

tion of the state's eight other dailies, all of them published in the evening and all of them liberal, or more accurately, anti-Loeb. Another plus then for Nixon, especially in the harrowing climax days of charge and countercharge.

A third factor in Nixon's favor is the deployment of political heavyweights. He counts among his public supporters state Senate President Stewart Lamprey, former Governor Lane Dwinell, former U.S. Ambassador Robert Hill, Senate majority leader Creeley Buchanan, and 22 other members of the state legislature. He even has a Rockefeller delegate from 1964, Bernard Streeter, in a county chairman's slot. Romney has no retaliatory capacity at this level of public relations. His campaign manager, former state Senator William Johnson, is a competent and respected younger politician, but he doesn't have the letterhead value of a Lamprey or a Dwinell. Romney's only other "name" is U. S. Rep. James Cleveland, who has muted his earlier enthusiasm for Romney to a level where it is audible only to police dogs.

The only bigtime politician unspoken for is former Governor Wesley Powell, who, in time, will speak forcefully for himself. Powell was for Nixon in 1960 and 1964, and the smart money says he will be again, unless his own plans for another shot at the statehouse get in the way. Nixon may make it without Powell, but it would be a lot easier with him. Powell is mercurial, controversial, and widely disliked, but he has a highly mobile, hard-core bloc of supporters who follow his lead. One window into Powell's intentions opened in September, when the "Spokesman" column of the *Hampton Union*—an anonymous political column unanimously attributed to Powell—recommended to Nixon that he hire freshman state legislator David Sterling as his 1968 campaign manager. Two weeks later Sterling had the job.

Rocky Inherit Romney Strength?

A fourth pro-Nixon factor is the balance of ideological forces. On the left, Nixon is firm, while Romney must fight erosion to Rockefeller. At this writing, five Rockefeller zealots —responsible but relatively unknown politicians—have filed with the Secretary of State as delegates favorable to Rockefeller. If they resist pressure from Albany and stay in the race, they will drain off votes from Romney. What encourages the feeling that they may persist is the elaborate coyness of former Governor Hugh Gregg, a heavyweight liberal who was Rockefeller's state chairman in 1964. Gregg has been playing badminton with the press, leaking on a not-for-attribution basis one day what he freely admits the next: there is genuine Rockefeller strength here and Hugh Gregg is toying with the idea of galvanizing it for expression at the polls on primary day.

On the right, Nixon seems to be secure. Romney cannot outflank him (although Romney's glowing tribute to wiretapping aroused a fleeting suspicion that he might try) and Ronald Reagan will not be a factor. The California governor has frowned convincingly on the self-starters and seems almost visibly relieved to have escaped the agony of a contest here. One unknown filed early in the game as a Reagan delegate, but he has not been heard from since. In other words, Reagan is giving Nixon a clean shot at it.

The fifth and final factor working for Nixon is Romney's propensity for the malapropism. An unusually heavy concentration of same materialized at the January 4 pep rally in Bedford. Governors Nelson Rockefeller of New York and John Chafee of Rhode Island had been imported to communicate their enthusiasm for Romney to unreconstructed Rockefeller types. The meeting got off on the wrong foot when a Romney staffer booked the Sheraton-Wayfarer for the event, a hotel owned by the Democratically prominent Dunfey family and widely referred to as the unofficial headquarters of the Democratic state committee. Gov. Chafee fell into step when he delivered what had been pre-billed as a ringing endorsement of Romney but actually came out as, "I pledge my wholehearted support for Governor Rockefeller . . . uh . . . Governor Romney." Worse still, the affair was boycotted by Hugh Gregg, the symbol of Rockefellerite resistance to Romney and the only man in the state whose presence was absolutely necessary. The spirit of the affair was best caught by Jack Hubbard, chief political writer of the *Concord Monitor,* in this unforgettable

sentence: "The Romney bandwagon is dying on the vine." The Bedford meeting was clearly an extension of the candidate's personality: Romney is an amateur politician and he often looks and sounds like one.

By contrast with Romney, who is a rhetorical threat every time he opens his mouth, Nixon is a safe can-

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didate and thus a strong candidate. He won't embarrass you.

Before we give the primary to Nixon by default, however, let's dump on the scales the very real assets available to the Romney campaign. First, of course, he doesn't have to win. Nobody expects him to. So he can swing from the heels, go for the long ball. If he does well, he could be back in the race; if he finishes a poor second, he will persevere.

Second, the Romney personality. It is an asset. When he fixes you with a steely eye, shakes you firmly by the hand and elbow, and lays the good word on you, you know you've been fixed, shaken and laid on. He believes there is something deeply wrong with this country and he wants to do something about it. Anybody who doubts his sincerity has to be irretrievably far gone himself. Romney will be in the state for a total of 22 days, almost all of which time will be devoted to personal campaigning. Typically, when he began active campaigning on January 12, Romney positioned himself outside the gates of the Sanders Associates plant in Nashua. It was 6:30 in the morning and the temperature was below zero, but at that time he could shake more hands more quickly than at any other place in the state at any other time. That's why he chose it, he told a frostbitten reporter.

While Romney is out pounding the pavement, Nixon will be campaigning at a few major rallies, and precious few of them. He did not come into the state until February 3 and he will not spend more than a week altogether. Nixon's theory is that he is well known here and doesn't want to wear out his welcome. Romney's is that he has a brick wall of apathy to break through and he better keep banging away.

A third Romney asset is his campaign staff. They are young, tough, innovative, probably on balance a little better than Nixon's. William Johnson, the campaign manager, is at 37 the youngest Republican heavyweight in the state. He is widely admired, even among identified Nixon supporters. Hilary Cleveland, the congressman's wife, has been especially effective in mobilizing women's activities for Romney. During the candidate's first six-day swing through the state, he opened 22 headquarters in private homes, a New Hampshire analog of the Lindsay storefront. He hopes to have more than 200 by primary day, and much of the credit goes to Hilary Cleveland.

On the technical side, Romney has brought in two hired guns from Campaign Consultants, the Boston-based firm that won it all for Lodge four years ago. (One of them, Jack Deardourff, has been closely associated with Nelson Rockefeller in the past and—I fearlessly predict—will be again one day soon.) They have set up a highly professional data processing system and claim to be able to reach every registered Republican by direct mail. It is reported that the Romney staff will be reinforced in the closing days of the campaign by a 25-man armada launched from Providence by John Chafee.

A fourth Romney asset is a rising wave of sympathy for No. 2, the guy who tries harder. The Romney staff has skilfully exploited the image of the underdog struggling gamely against great odds. Handshaking in sub-zero weather helps. But more important were leaks from the Romney camp a few months ago that "private polls" had Romney behind by 3-to-1. When some members of the press swallowed that figure, the Romney people steadily escalated the despair, until some national publications were reporting that Nixon had as much as 80 per cent of the vote. From there, it has become a simple matter of ROMNEY-CLOSING-THE-GAP. It will be ROMNEY-BOOM-FOR-REAL when "the polls" show Nixon has dropped to 60 per cent—a pretty respectable showing when Johnson beat Goldwater. It all depends on which way you look through the telescope.

Poll-juggling is an elementary ploy, of course, but it's worked well for Romney. Nationally syndicated reporter Marianne Means, who was no more enamored of Romney than most of her colleagues six months ago, put it in a nutshell the other day: "It is always possible that sympathy for Mr. Nice Guy may turn out to be the antidote for admiration of Mr. Experience."

It is always possible. Anything is. Before you get entangled in the analysis of the relative strengths of Nixon and Romney, remember that the two big winners here in the last twenty years were Eisenhower and Lodge, neither of whom were ever sighted at the scene of the crime. The Rockefeller boomlet *could* get out of hand. After all, he cared enough not to come. More likely, he could make enough of a showing—"surprising strength"—to dominate the mass media post-mortems, which is the ultimate prize. Romney *could* plod his way into their hearts. Nixon *could* revert to the old, old Nixon.

We'll know on March 12, when, during the legendary pause between winter harness-mending and spring planting, approximately 100,000 of the 148,593 registered Republicans come on over to Town Meeting to elect their eight delegates to the national convention. They aren't talking now. Nossir. But I'll go with Nixon, by a comfortable margin.

"My romantic life is none of the Welfare Board's beeswax!"

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David Hume had no use for utopian planners and visionaries. His writings should be required reading for those of our leaders who believe in an Instant Solution —somewhere out there—for all of our problems

DAVID HUME AND SKEPTICAL CONSERVATISM

JEFFREY HART

Except among specialists, the eighteenth-century philosopher David Hume is likely to seem a pretty remote figure, and even when we do think of him it is probably in his comic moments that he is most vivid. There was the time the famous fat atheist (Gibbon called him the fattest of Epicurus' hogs) fell into a Scottish bog, and was rescued by a peasant woman—but only on condition that he repeat the Creed and the Lord's Prayer as she extricated him. We remember him, also, in that *tableau vivant* at Paris, where the *salons* lionized him—Hume, with his broad Scottish countryman's face, absurdly dressed as the Sultan and surrounded by a harem of the most beautiful women of the day. But of course the best episode of all came on his diplomatic mission to Turin, where the portly philosopher suddenly fell in love with a reigning beauty, the Countess of Dunvernan, and in a fantastic scene, a Restoration comedy come to life, plumped down on his knees and sighingly confessed his passion, only to discover, while the countess's young lover, convulsed with laughter, listened from behind a screen, that he was too fat to get up.

Yet for all this rather *ancien régime* comedy, Hume possesses for us today a good deal of intellectual relevance. His mind was anything but comic and self indulgent. It was tough, morally impressive, and, though we may well conclude him wrong as regards ultimate things, even, in its own way, heroic. As a skeptic, Hume denied the possibility of religious transcendence; but as a thoroughgoing skeptic he also denied the possibility of historical transcendence: human fulfillment did not reside in radically transforming earthly existence for the better. Religion was an illusion, but so was utopian politics. He was thus a skeptic and an atheist, but at the same time a lucid and profound conservative. He was more skeptical than Voltaire, but on the issues of his day more conservative than Burke. The *philosophes,* who adored his atheism, were outraged by his conservatism, and as a political thinker Hume was influential not among the French radicals but among the French traditionalists, even among the religious traditionalists. His influence in France, as Professor Bongie makes clear (in *David Hume: Prophet of the Counter-Revolution),* was even greater than that of Burke.

Hume belongs to a conservative tradition which is not only compatible with skepticism but skeptical at its roots, which is conservative precisely because it is so skeptical. In Hume's view the radical *philosophes* were believers, believers in an earthy millennium; and he was too skeptical for that. Among earlier writers, Hume as a political thinker has affinities with Montaigne and with Dryden (though they were fideistic Christians); in our own time Santayana, Oakeshott, and, in some ways, perhaps Yeats, are his political descendants. Especially at the present time, when our political life is increasingly disturbed by the clamor of fanatics and visionary political puritans, contemptuous of reasonable discussion and of the ordinary norms of behavior, and who appear to believe that the latest sordid cause is a step in the direction of the earthly paradise, it is good to remember the tradition of skeptical conservatism, an old and, in its heart, aristocratic tradition, and to keep an honorable place for it in our minds.

As a boy growing up in the valley of the Tweed, Hume accepted the stern ancestral Scottish Calvinism, with its doctrines of Total Depravity, Predestination and Election, and its preoccupation with the fires of Hell. The skeptical philosophy he developed as a young man drew its emotional energy, one may easily suppose, from his revulsion against this gloomy faith. In the great *History of England* he later wrote, his harshest judgments were reserved for the seventeenth-

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century Calvinist rebels, whom he depicted as harebrained enthusiasts and hypocrites who spouted a barbarous jargon while they pulled apart the fabric of society. By the wise magistrate, he observed, such "sublime theorists" should be put "on the same footing with common robbers."

Expectation as Sentiment

Hume's own philosophy was at the opposite pole from "sublime theory." Strictly speaking, he thought, a fact was something that could be weighed and measured. "If we take in our hand any volume of divinity or school metaphysics, let us ask: Does it contain any abstract reasoning concerning quantity or number? No. Does it contain any experimental reasoning concerning matter of fact and existence? No. Commit it then to the flames: for it can contain nothing but sophistry and illusion."

Hume's radical empiricism extended even to the relationship between cause and effect. We think that one billiard ball striking another will cause it to move, or that striking a match will cause a flame. But for Hume there was no necessity in the matter. Our expectation is merely a sentiment in the mind based on prior experience. "All reasonings concerning cause and effect are founded on experience, and . . . all reasonings from experience are founded on the supposition that the course of nature will continue uniformly the same." But we cannot experience the future, and therefore we cannot *know* that the course of nature will continue uniform. The uniformity of nature "is a point that can admit of no proof at all, and which we take for granted without any proof. We are determined by custom alone to suppose the future conformable to the past. 'Tis not, therefore, reason which is the guide of life but custom." The attraction such a theory held for Hume is easy enough to understand. Causation, in philosophy, is a most difficult concept, and once we move beyond a Humeian empiricism it is not long before we are in the realm of metaphysics, even of the *Logos*, of proofs —as in Locke—for the existence of God. And that was the last path Hume wished to take.

Even our belief that an object exists "a moment after it is no longer perceived," was, he held, "nothing but a sentiment." The apparent order of the universe was only a matter of "the association of ideas." We thus are left with a reality constructed of ascertainable fact and mental habit. Further than this skepticism could hardly go. Hume was a thoroughgoing empiricist, and such later thinkers as A. J. Ayer and Gilbert Ryle have only elaborated upon his fundamental position. If you cannot weigh it or measure it, Hume asked in effect, what are you talking about? *Where* is it? He did not think that we can know anything at all about metaphysical realities, and he considered that so-called religious truths were the product of men's neurotic hopes and fears. "Survey most nations and most ages. Examine the religious principles which have, in fact, prevailed in the world. You will scarcely be persuaded that they are anything but sick men's dreams."

Hume's hard-boiled atheism did not endear him to some of his greatest contemporaries. Dr. Johnson, said Boswell, "holds Mr. Hume in abhorrence and left a company one night upon his coming in." And Johnson declared, at least for rhetorical effect, his own bewilderment as to which had the priority in Hume's character, stupidity or malice. "I do not know," he said, "whether he has first been a blockhead and that has made him a rogue, or first been a rogue and that has made him a blockhead." Edmund Burke consented to speak to Hume only out of politeness, only, as he put it, "because the present liberal state of society requires it."

Hume stuck to his skepticism to the end. In 1776, when he was dying in Edinburgh, probably of cancer, Boswell visited him out of a morbid, but perhaps also philosophic, curiosity. Faced with death, would the great skeptic change his view? Would he, at least, be overcome by despair? "He was lean, ghastly, and quite of an earthy appearance," says Boswell. "He was dressed in a suit of gray cloth with white metal buttons and a kind of scratch wig. He was quite different from the plump figure which he used to represent." Boswell has "a strong curiosity to be satisfied if he persisted in disbelieving a future state even when he had death before his eyes. . . . I asked him if it was not possible that a piece of coal put upon a fire would not burn. . . . I asked him if the thought of annihilation never gave him any uneasiness. He said not in the least, no more than the thought that he had not been, as Lucretius observes."

It is often said that Hume decided to become a historian because his philosophical writings, which he had expected to be a sensation in the intellectual world, attracted little attention, but there is no evidence of this and it probably was not the case. The last part of his philosophical *Treatise* is mainly concerned with politics, and in any event we may see that there is a natural connection between an empirical philosophy and the study of history. If, as in empiricism, all knowledge is the result of experience, it should cause no surprise that the philosopher in due course should turn to history, which is the experience of the species. The first two volumes of Hume's *History of England,* which appeared in 1754, make plain the connection between the spirit of his philosophy and the temper of his politics.

Chimerical Perfection

Hume was as skeptical of visionary politics as he was of the claims of metaphysics. "The idea of a perfect and immortal commonwealth," he thought, "will always be found as chimerical as that of perfect and immortal man," and, adumbrating Robespierre the Incorruptible from his reflections upon Cromwell's Rule of the Saints, he warned that politicians certain of their own pre-eminent virtue usually turn into monsters. It was, he saw, much easier to destroy than to create: one might imagine a perfect commonwealth, but could one be sure that it would come into existence when the present imperfect one was extirpated? "It is seldom," he admonished, "that the people gain anything by revolutions in government, because the new settlement, jealous and insecure, must commonly be supported with more expense and severity than the old." As his *History* makes clear, Hume loathed the utopian politics of the Cromwellians. Cromwell himself he considered a fanatic whose lofty pretensions merely masked a drive for personal power; the execution of Strafford was a piece of vengeance and bigotry; as between the Puritans and the Anglican Bishop Laud, Hume much preferred the latter, for he con-

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sidered religious ceremonies a civilizing influence, "however ridiculous they may seem to the philosophic mind." The trial and execution of King Charles I struck Hume as "the height of all iniquity and fanatical extravagance," the "utmost effort of undisguised usurpation, and the most heinous insult upon law and justice."

Hume Was Like Burke

Despite entirely different philosophical assumptions, Hume arrived at a political position remarkably similar to that of Edmund Burke. A "rule," he wrote, "which in speculation may seem the most advantageous to society, may yet be found, in practice, totally pernicious and destructive." Liberty was a noble principle, but it is better "to be deprived of liberty than to be destitute of government." In any case, the proper balance between liberty and authority could never be established by a clear and universal rule. As against those who were all too ready to come forward with schemes for ideal governments, he warned that political institutions were the product of time, and that "the only rule of government which is intelligible, or carries any authority with it, is the established practice of the age." In words that Burke might well have written, he urged that change, when necessary, be gradual: "Some innovations must necessarily have place in every human institution . . . but violent innovations no individual is entitled to make: they are even dangerous to be attempted by the legislature: more evil than good is ever to be expected from them." As Dryden had written, *"Yet, grant our lords the people kings can make,/what prudent man a settled throne would shake?"*

We are likely to think of traditional natural law theory as conservative in its bearing, as providing sanctions for morality, and for the most part, as in Burke, this view is valid. But for Hume natural law was not conservative enough. It has an uncomfortable *a priori* aspect, he thought, and, worse, it was related to the doctrine of abstract natural rights as found in Locke. Hume realized that if, through the operations of the reason, one could deduce a system of moral imperatives, they might well—as indeed they did in Tom Paine—have a revolutionary character. The abstract "ought" could condemn the concrete "is," but could not, in turn, be judged by experience. Hume's empiricism left no room for any such abstract imperatives. The famous State of Nature was a mere "philosophic fiction." We can know man only as we find him in history, only as a social being, and our conclusions about him must be based upon accumulated experience, not abstract reasoning.

As an acute conservative thinker, however, Hume did not for a moment intend to propose a normless politics. If norms could not be deduced through ratiocination, one most certainly could discover in history that some kinds of behavior produced disaster, other kinds civilization and well-being. The norms thus derived were implicit in the nature of man, and also universally valid, though differences in conditions might entail differences in their application. And of the way in which the study of the past might prove a guide to the present Hume provided an example in his *History of England.*

Professor Bongie has shown in detail that French conservatives, during the last two decades of the eighteenth century, had little doubt that the account in Hume's *History* of Cromwell's rebellion and dictatorship, and of the trial and execution of Charles I, was a paradigm of universal application. From the disputes over taxation and over the king's prerogative, to the rebellion and execution of the king, and the establishment by force of a supposed rule of Virtue, the parallels between English and French history were startling. Hume's strictures upon the disastrous results to be expected from visionary schemes, drastic innovation, and academic constitutions, seemed eminently applicable to the procedure of the revolutionaries. Robespierre and St. Just were plainly the latter-day counterparts of the seventeenth-century fanatics. As the pattern of revolution and dictatorship repeated itself, the counter-revolutionaries used Hume's precepts to buttress their attack upon the revolutionaries, and confidently, they even waited for the appearance of a French General Monk who would restore order. Strangely enough, Hume might also have contributed to the downfall of the monarchy, for Louis XVI, a careful student of Hume's *History,* seems to have hesitated to use the army against the revolutionaries at a decisive moment because he recalled Charles' use of

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force had been one of the charges against him at his trial.

Over on the Left, the implications of Hume's work were perceived with equal clarity. In correspondence with Turgot, Hume had warned against the "too sanguine" belief "that human society is capable of perpetual progress towards perfection, that the increase of knowledge will still prove favorable to good government, and that since the increase of printing we need no longer dread the usual returns of barbarism and ignorance." The rule of Reason, he had pointed out, could be as tyrannical and uniformitarian as Calvinism. The pursuit of moral perfection, he had urged, might be a noble enterprise for individuals, but it was not the task of sane government, which had enough to do in regulating the workaday affairs of life. Hume's conservative interpretation of English history, the Left perceived, was a formidable weapon in the royalist arsenal.

The Lash Goes On

In reply, two tactics were available, and both were employed. As a *"correctif"* to Hume, Mirabeau backed a translation of Catherine Macaulay's *History of England,* which was enthusiastic about the prospects of progress through rebellion. In the salons, Brissot, Condorcet, Mme. Roland and others, established Mrs. Macaulay as the authoritative interpreter of English history as far as the Left was concerned. Brissot even went so far as to argue that detachment and a regard for truth—qualities for which Hume was widely praised—were really moral *faults* in a historian, whose duty to mankind required the inculcation of liberal precepts.

Other ardent spirits went even further, and rejected with contempt the authority of historical experience. It was "the superstition of slaves." Since an entirely new era was beginning, of what conceivable relevance was the corrupt past? Man was to be made anew. As Paine said of his composition of *Common Sense,* "I followed exactly what my heart dictated. I neither read books nor studied other people's opinions. I thought for myself." And Robespierre made it plain he preferred unlettered virtue to learned authority.

Had Hume lived to hear them, however, such comments would no doubt have provoked an ironic smile. The new men of the Revolution were not escaping from history but repeating it: like the Puritan enthusiasts before them they were depending upon the "inner light" in building the New Jerusalem. Nor would Hume have been surprised by the fact that, as Professor Bongie points out, "the total number of victims of the Bastille in all the centuries of its existence probably never equalled the number of prisoners confined in the Chatelet and the Abbaye" during the first two or three years of the Republic of Virtue. Still later revolutions would not refute Hume's judgments.

If Hume did not accept the Christian eschatology, he nevertheless based his politics upon its negative implications: salvation is not to be sought in the political realm, and to attempt to do so is disastrous. Hume's detachment from ultimate historical hope does not, to be sure, recommend itself very widely. It has, as I remarked, an aristocratic quality—and in several senses of the word. It suggests a thoroughly absorbed experience of the world, and an educated mediation on history; it requires, especially in the absence of religious hope, a severe discipline of the sensibility. And yet this skeptically conservative view of history has its representatives in every age, and they are often to be found among the most refined and profound of spirits. William Butler Yeats, for example, does not resemble Hume in most ways, and Hume would have cast a cold eye on Yeats' mythological concerns, but in their denial of historical hope they had much in common. Hume would have applauded Yeats' lines,

> *Hurrah for revolution and more cannon-shot!*
> *A beggar on horseback lashes a beggar on foot.*
> *Hurrah for revolution and cannon come again!*
> *The beggars have changed places but the lash goes on.*

"We begin to live," said Yeats, "when we have conceived life as a tragedy"—and he could talk of the gaiety of *Hamlet* and *Lear.*

Such a position has its own high dignity. "Skepticism," as Santayana said, "is the chastity of the intellect, and it is shameful to surrender it too soon or to the first comer." His own attitude was the one he attributed to Socrates: "Socrates and his disciples admired this world, but they did not particularly covet it . . . or expect to improve it; what they cared for was an idea or a good which they found expressed in it, something outside it and timeless in which the contemplative intellect might be literally absorbed." As for history, Santayana knew that "no specific hope about distant issues is likely to be realized," and that "at no particular time can a race or even an individual be sure of continued good fortune." It is not difficult to see that for him his philosophical materialism, upon which he insisted, was a liberating thing. He spoke of "obedience to matter for the sake of freedom of mind, and in the political bearing of his thought that materialism was asserted against the prescriptive, and indeed tyrannical, political idealism he felt all around him. He loved Tory England, as he said, and he honored conservative Spain, and the unyielding toughness of Lucretius' vision of the world was part of his being. Ersatz and sentimental religions deserved nothing but contempt. For a time he was lionized by certain followers of John Dewey who admired an elegance beyond their reach, and interpreted Santayana's materialism as programmatically anti-Christian, which it was not. The attentions of such admirers embarrassed him. Their "democratic faith" and sentimental optimism, he saw, was a sort of surrogate religion, a cheap thing, potent only in its opposition to the old religion. He would not be an ornament of their party. They had, he said, "vulgar and jejune minds." They possessed "but cursory and wretched notions of the inner life of the mind." They were not civilized. He *was* a philosophic materialist; but he *insisted* upon the word in order to separate himself from the vulgar pseudo-religion of "pragmatism."

And in truth, reflecting now upon Santayana's word "covet"—Socrates and his disciples admired this world, but they did not particularly covet it—one does see that there is something intellectually and morally provincial, something grasping and underbred, about a view of life that insists too strongly upon secular hope; that, indeed, there is more than a touch of vulgarity about a perpetual *politics* of hope.

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Vietnam and the Cities:

The Politics of Emptiness

JAMES FLETCHER

On March 4, 1850, John C. Calhoun addressed the Senate. His subject was the last and, as it turned out, the most futile of the Clay Compromises. The aging South Carolinian was ill, and Senator James Mason of Virginia read his speech. The old man predicted the disintegration to come, and he correctly interpreted the Compromise of 1850 as just one more verbal evasion, one more refusal to come to grips with the realities of the relationship between the states. "The cry of 'Union, Union—the glorious Union!' can no more prevent disunion than the cry of 'Health, Health—glorious Health!' on the part of a physician can save a patient lying dangerously ill." Calhoun was right.

Soviets Say No

The late 1960s share with the early 1850s a common fault: the mistaking of the word for the deed. In the 1850s the fault manifested itself most decisively in the rhetoric of those at the centers of power, particularly in the Senate. Whatever the virtues of the Compromise of 1850, it failed to avoid the disaster to follow in ten years. In the 1960s those who mistake the word for the deed are, for the moment, on the fringes of power, at least in America.

Delusion tends to be contagious. It pervades the anti-Vietnam establishment, infecting both Senator Fulbright and the Flower People, both Dwight Macdonald and Stokely Carmichael, both Students for a Democratic Society and Governor Romney. The delusion takes two rhetorical forms: 1) deploring the American commitment, and 2) refusing to advocate an alternative or advocating an alternative which is really a non-alternative because the United States lacks the means to implement it. The rhetoric of withdrawal has created a Politics of Emptiness. The argument of those adhering to the Politics of Emptiness is that we should get out and that God knows how.

Take Senator Fulbright. In his now famous exchange with Senator Dirksen on the Senate floor, the senator from Arkansas repeated his familiar criticisms of the war. Senator Dirksen pressed Fulbright to state what he would do. Fulbright's answer is significant. He called for "a reconvening of the Geneva Conference. . . This is what I would like to see happen."

Senator Fulbright is no babe in the woods, and he knows perfectly well that the United States itself can neither reconvene the Geneva Conference nor persuade anyone else to. The co-chairmen, Britain and the Soviet Union, alone have the authority to call the participants back to their lakeside deliberations, and there is no likelihood that they will use that authority. About once every three months a British diplomat flies off to Moscow to investigate the possibilities of reconvening the Geneva Conference and to plead for the release of the imprisoned Briton Gerald Brooke. The Soviet answer is always no, on both counts.

The senator from Arkansas knows this. He has even confirmed the pattern of events recently himself. "If they [Britain and the Soviet Union] really are interested in stopping this very serious conflict, I am at a loss to understand why they would refuse to reconvene the conference if all the members of the Security Council so recommend." The context is a later discussion in the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, and the key words are *really are*. The implications are that Senator Fulbright believes that the Soviet Union has some interest in ending the conflict. Thus, if both premises are correct, we must suppose that a Geneva Conference is now in session. The form of reasoning is known as the syllogism, and it is alien to those whose ratiocination depends entirely on conformity with what they wish to be so.

Now it has been one of the Administration's minor follies that it continues to suggest that the Geneva Accords—to which the U.S. is for very good reason not a party—might serve as the basis for a settlement in Vietnam. These days, it may be charitable to think well of the beleaguered President, to think that he doesn't really want to return to the 1954 agreements, that he pays them lip service because he wants to placate his critics on the moderate Left and because he knows that he will never have to make good his rhetorical allegiance. Maybe. But the Administration's rhetoric encourages Senator Fulbright's, and that is damage enough.

Don't Yell 'Fire'

The Fulbright solution is, of course, counter-factual. It is no solution because to implement it lies beyond our power. It is something the senator "would like to see happen." Wishes have never been politics (much less horses), not even for Harold Stassen, but Senator Fulbright has another aid. His non-solutions are ably backed by non-facts. The senator is reported to believe that given half a chance the Soviet government will help the United States extricate itself from Vietnam. Anyone who can believe that can believe that Texarkana is going to have the next World's Fair. American involvement so obviously serves Soviet purposes that to believe the Russians want us out is to contort thought beyond language into soda-pop rivers of wish-fulfillment. Senator Fulbright informed Senator Dirksen in the same debate that Communism was becoming more flexible, was no longer on the march. It is certainly having a cosmetic job, partly performed by the Western press. Has he read the recent reports from Eastern Europe in *Newsweek*? the story of the unfortunate Charles Jordan in the *Washington Post*? Even editorials in the Arkansas press? In a competition of slow-learners, Senator Fulbright would awe the most experienced veterans of Operation Head Start.

One step beyond Fulbright counter-factualism in the Politics of Emptiness is the opponent of the war who wants out but can't provide a method. Richard Rovere in his significant *New Yorker* piece states the position of his group succinctly. "This war is intolerable. What does it mean to say that? Not much—talk is cheap. I haven't a clue as to how we can get

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out, and I have never much liked the idea of proposing without knowing a means of disposing. I don't think we can write our way out, and I doubt very much if we can demonstrate our way out. But out is where I want us to be, and I don't know what a man can do except say what he thinks and feels."

What else can a man do? Well, he can keep quiet until he can offer something better than non-efficacious lamentations. A crowded theater is not the only place it's wrong to shout "Fire!"

Hippies Go to the Point

Few conservatives would take exception to the first half of Rovere's paragraph. The war is "intolerable" to all of us. We dislike war, we want it ended. To some of us, of course, it is less intolerable than most of the probable alternatives, but we would nonetheless go along with Mr. Rovere a bit further in his paragraph. Talk *is* cheap. We *haven't* more of a clue than he how to end it. We *can't* write or demonstrate our way out. And there we part ways with Mr. Rovere because he parts ways with himself. Out (where Mr. Rovere wants us to be) and In (where we are) are poles apart, and "what a man . . . thinks and feels" does nothing to bring them together. It merely defeats the means whereby they *might* be brought closer together by surrendering rational processes to a sort of womb-think. Mr. Rovere has taken a stand, and time has passed, and nothing has changed.

Mary McCarthy develops the Politics of Emptiness a bit further. She has no plan, nor does she think she should have one. Like French intellectuals during the Algerian crisis, she says (in her book on Vietnam), American opponents of the war should present the government with "an unequivocal moral demand" for withdrawal. Why intellectuals have any better claim to moral insight than anyone else—or where Miss McCarthy derives her curious assumption that "most" American intellectuals oppose the war—remains debatable. But like her compatriots in the Politics of Emptiness, Miss McCarthy acknowledges that withdrawal isn't going to happen and that she is whistling in the dark. "To call for withdrawal in the face of that commitment [i.e., the commitment of troops to Vietnam] . . . is to seem to argue not against a policy, but against *facts,* which by their very nature are unanswerable." The whole movement of ethical judgment in our time has been towards the reconciliation of moral standards with the way people live, with facts.

The Politics of Emptiness reaches its ethereal heights with the hippies, and literally so. The rhetoric of the Flower People who invaded Washington differs only quantitatively from that of Senator Fulbright, Mr. Rovere, and Miss McCarthy. One of the participants in the October 21 march writes in a letter to a college newspaper (the University of North Carolina *Daily Tar Heel*), "The demonstrators, [critics] indicate, have nothing to show for their efforts since the realities of the situation . . . remain unchanged. However, if we define reality not in terms of the political structure, but rather in terms of the context in which each of us is immersed, it can be said that . . . the demonstration permitted many of us to live out and personify our beliefs . . . we were not trying to convince ourselves or others of our beliefs; we were attempting to be them to the world."

Bravo! The writer comes closer than any of his more celebrated compatriots to explaining just how much the opposition to America's commitment in Vietnam is an opting out.

The Flower People went to Washington to lift the Pentagon high in the air by incantation, though reports differ about whether the height was to have been fifteen or thirty feet. According to *Time*, the courts allowed them ten and they couldn't manage that. Now it is perfectly reasonable to expect that the Pentagon might pop even thirty feet into the air if it suddenly saw itself surrounded by a circle of twelve thousand chanting hippies, but the levitation would be a reaction of surprise, the response of architectonic order to psycho-geometric disorder, not a result of hippie magic.

But the hippies have gone straight to the point. Without power, levitational or otherwise, they have attempted to "act," to "be" their beliefs. But their "action" is of the same order as Senator Fulbright's "solution" —it has no existence in the world of phenomena which most of us inhabit. It is a non-action, it is non-magic, just as Senator Fulbright's wish-driven "reconvening of the Geneva Conference" is a non-solution. Neither is *possible,* except as verbal speculation. The term "soul brother" might well be taken from the context of urban riot and applied to the Politics of Emptiness. The practitioners of the Politics of Emptiness operate only within their own other-worldly system, not in the world of reality.

Call In Maharishi Yogi?

Those who approach political problems—for instance, Vietnam—in extra-political terms endanger themselves and those who inhabit the real political world of reasoned debate and due process. Why doesn't the Politics of Emptiness call in Maharishi Mahesh Yogi to settle the war? It has been rumored that the fighting would stop if the esteemed mystic were to fly over the Mekong Delta chanting, "Peace, Peace—glorious Peace!" One wonders.

Unfortunately political rhetoric tends to be self-generating. It builds more and more absolutes, and the progression up the Great Chain of Non-Being from Senator Fulbright to the Flower People is a more direct one than might at first be thought. The common factor is the substitution of belief for fact, of wish for deed. The practical result is the introduction of another element of disorder into the body politic. It has disrupted traffic in the nation's capital, it has caused inconvenience at the nation's universities, it has brought unhappiness to the families of some American servicemen, and it has resulted in physical injury and arrest. The effects of disorder are widespread enough, but the level of the effects is infinitely different from the level of the rhetoric inspiring it. The Politics of Emptiness pretends to address itself to major issues; its rhetoric results in petty, if pervasive, disorder.

It is the Politics of Emptiness that creates the only real connection between the war in Vietnam and the "crisis in the cities." We are told that the war is consuming dollars that should be spent in the cities, that the urban blight is being neglected because the attention of Washington is focused on a distant war in a distant land. The argument is a facile one, chiefly invoked, one suspects, by

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those hoping to broaden the base of antiwar sentiment by drawing into their camp discontented urbanites. But there *is* a connection: the wish-created non-solutions which the theorists of the Politics of Emptiness offer for the cities are as empty as their policies for Vietnam and as fully capable of creating fruitless disorder. Like the rhetoric of the opt-out school of foreign affairs, the rhetoric of the city-blight-justifies-riot school of domestic problems tends to create disease without proposing remedy.

Dr. King's El Dorado

What does the Politics of Emptiness have to say about urban problems? Martin Luther King, onetime idol of the Left, now being discarded, evaluates the politics of his sometime allies accurately. In *Where Do We Go From Here?*, Dr. King writes, "For twelve years I . . . had held out radiant promises of progress. I had preached to them about my dream. . . . They were now hostile because they were watching the dream that they had so readily accepted turn into a nightmare."

Dr. King's view of his loss of influence sounds reasonable enough, until one considers where the problem lies. The issue of the day is the "hostility" of which Dr. King speaks. What are its origins? Dr. King's implied view is that his "dream" *should* have become a reality, that the cause of "hostility"—or proneness to riot—lies in the inability or unwillingness of society to fulfill the dream. Does it? Dr. King's words bear another interpretation, though the analysis is not one he would accept. Does a *responsible* leader ever hold out to his followers "radiant promises of progress"? Is not the man who conjures up such unrealizable El Dorados the ultimate source of the discontent which inevitably arises when the "radiant promises of progress" are not realized? He never had the power to deliver, and his urban solutions have given way to fire and looting, newer methods to achieve what Dr. King's "radiant promises" couldn't.

Do Dr. King's successors have better to offer? At least their presentation is more dramatic. Tom Hayden, spokesman for the Politics of Emptiness on both Vietnam and the cities, wrote in the *New York Review of Books* that violence may be the answer. "The role of organized violence is now being carefully considered. . . . A conscious guerrilla can carry the torch, if not all the people, to white neighborhoods and the downtown business districts. If necessary he can successfully shoot to kill." Again, there is a counter-factual bias. Can "*all* the people" be carried to "white neighborhoods"?

Maharishi Mahesh Yogi

Have the white neighborhoods no inhabitants? Or does "all the people" refer only to the population that remains alive after the middle-class white and Negro property-owners have been "successfully" shot?

Still, if Dr. King is nonviolent and Mr. Hayden violent, there remain similarities. Both of them hope to day-dream their way to utopia. Mr. Hayden comments, "The riot is not a beautiful and romantic experience, but neither is the day-to-day slum life from which the riot springs." No conservative ever supposed it was. Mr. Hayden implies that the aim should be to make "day-to-day slum life" a "beautiful and romantic experience." Things don't work that way because it is impossible. But that is what Mr. Hayden wants, and he seems willing to eulogize riots until he gets it. Which fact suggests that the panegyric style will be with him for a long time.

In the same issue of *NYRB*, Andrew Kopkind waxed ecstatic about the futility of the riots. "The insurrections of July have done what everyone in America for thirty years has thought impossible: mass action has convulsed the society and brought smooth government to a halt." Note the sense of apocalypse lurking behind Mr. Kopkind's prose. He has waited a long time for the Thirties to mean something, and now government has been brought to a "halt." Never mind where and how. Or for how long. Mr. Kopkind has reached Armageddon, or as close as he'll get, and therefore he can contemplate the rebuilding on the ruins.

The first old myths Mr. Kopkind needs to be freed from are those of the Thirties. Then he might start to work on some older ones. But no need. The Thirties are much with him, and he shares the residual sense of flux common to all those who have awaited the fire next time in vain. Mr. Kopkind holds with Dr. King and Mr. Hayden the allegiance to the fancy that seeks, preaches the utopia it can never begin to create, either practically or theoretically. For in common with the critics of the Vietnam commitment in the Politics of Emptiness, the urban-reformers-by-riot offer no *possible* program which can right the situations that anger them. Their imagination has no fulfilling power. As used by the Politics of Emptiness, it cannot bless, only destroy.

Middle-Class Negro Balks

One reason Mr. Kopkind's anarchy is as far away from universal realization as it was 37 years ago is that the middle-class Negro has refused to give up his position and property to unite with the few of his race who are bent on destroying all he has gained. Riot and pillage provide no common goal; Black Power is no power because support for it in the Negro community is far from unanimous. The fact that the middle-class Negro is not mounting the barricades is a healthy sign. His identity is increasingly economic and not racial. And fortunately, the alternative for the anarchist—an alliance between poor whites and poor Negroes—seems equally unlikely. The ironic reason is that both the Black Power Negro and the poor white are victims of a residual racism that prevents their forging a proletarian alliance that might consist of, say, 4, instead of 2, per cent of the population.

The irresponsibility of the urban rioter and the get-out-of-Vietnam

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protestor is that both react to the failure of their verbal strategy by violence. Both are the victims of a momentum of excess that begins in the mouth and ends in the streets. Senator Fulbright is right to notice a connection between Vietnam and the cities, but it is a connection that he and his allies have created. The disorders of 1967 are essentially a verbal phenomenon: the rule of unreason in the body politic comes from a rhetorical anarchy on the part of people like Senator Fulbright, Messrs. Hayden, Kopkind, and Rovere, Miss McCarthy, Dr. King, and uncounted hippies. For them power is arrogant because it does not subject itself to their immediate verbal control.

The liberal press has belatedly begun to recognize the rule of unreason that the Politics of Emptiness is attempting to introduce. Even James Reston admitted after the march on Washington that "the minority is trying to substitute violent defiance for the majority's peaceful disobedience." (Alas, Mr. Reston fails to see the obvious causal connection between the two. "Disobedience" and "violence" differ—like the hippies and Senator Fulbright—only quantitatively, not qualitatively.) And David Broder of the *Washington Post* finds similar symptoms in the violent criticisms to which the President is being subjected. "What began a year or so ago as a reasoned and restrained dissent from some of the President's Vietnam policies has degenerated into an emotional orgy in which all logic and sense of decency have been abandoned."

The TV Factor

Because the phenomenon is a verbal one, we do not have the means to treat it—yet. What tools are there to combat people who talk about the "Crime of Silence"? They suggest a moral imperative to speak, yet their speech inevitably becomes irresponsible, complicating the situation they pretend to seek a remedy for. Only recently yet further authoritative pronouncements from North Vietnam state that negotiation before the 1968 election would not be fruitful. Why? Because a peace candidate may win in 1968 and the United States may throw in the towel. If the reports are accurate, part of the deaths in battle in 1968 will be the moral responsibility of those who have persuaded Ho Chi Minh that we do not have the will to stay the course. The policy statements that come from the Politics of Emptiness create disorder, internally and externally, without changing or offering fruitful means to change difficult situations.

Marshall McLuhan, were he asked to explain the Politics of Emptiness, might suggest that media have brought dissidents like Senator Fulbright closer to the *sense* of power than ever before. They see not only the war. They also see the men who conduct it, and they resent that they cannot step easily into the intimate situations shown on their television screens, written about in their newspaper columns, and discussed at their cocktail parties. The media-conveyed trappings of power are all about them, and Senator Fulbright is no longer down the Mall from the White House conducting hearings in the Foreign Relations Committee. He is there, emotionally, with the President on the television screen, wishing to exchange identities with him. The response of the dissidents has been to escalate verbally through the media, and their psychic disease is thus diffused through the body politic.

The Administration seems unlikely to win either the literal war in Vietnam or the verbal war with its critics. It needs aid in confronting the Politics of Emptiness, especially rhetorical aid. It is the task of men of good sense to see that the troops in Vietnam, and indeed the homeowners and

(Continued on p. 151)

Letter From Taiwan

Government in Extremis

GERHART NIEMEYER

Let us consider the status—nay, the meaning of Taiwan. The Portuguese used to call it Formosa, the beautiful isle; as a province of China its name is Taiwan. It is the seat of Chiang Kai-shek's government, probably the one government in the world whose image is worst distorted by the prejudices even of friendly nations. It is the government of the Republic of China, but ever since the mainland was occupied by a Communist regime we seem to have developed a habit of looking on Chiang's government as a merely local junta ruling a Pacific island. This habit stems from comparing numbers: the 600-700 million on the mainland *v.* the fourteen million on the island. What is more, our prejudices tend to depict Chiang's government as politically somewhat distasteful. "He has not held elections on Taiwan, has he; and there are rumors of discontent of the local population under the rule of the group that came from the mainland. . ." Such ideas often give us a sense of embarrassment about someone who all the same is on our side.

How far such prejudices are from reality! How utterly they miss the nature and political significance of this government-*in-extremis*. For a government-*in-extremis* it is, not *in extremis* in the sense of the last moments of a human life, but *in extremis* of Chinese territory. Chiang's government is the non-Communist legitimate government of the whole of China, of which Taiwan is a province, and so it is not the government of that island which is under a provincial administration. It represents a great and ancient country, in which it has been pushed back but not crushed by a civil war enemy and now remains ensconced in the corner of the country, just like Menendez Pelayo, the last Christian king in Spain, was pushed back by the Moslem invaders, into the mountain fastness of Asturias, where he made his stand and from where the reconquest of Spain began. A similar occurrence took place in Chinese history: one of its dynasties lost all its cities to a rebellious force, all but one, named Chu, where the ruler's general held out and from where he gradually recovered all that was lost. "Remember what happened at Chu" is the proud slogan of the defenders of Quemoy, the offshore island.

Quemoy is part of Fukien Province,

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and so Chiang's jurisdiction covers more than the province of Taiwan. It cannot be understood in terms of Taiwan alone. It is the same government that enjoyed legitimate authority after World War II in all of China. Its parliament, last elected in 1947, has been sitting continuously since then, not standing for election since the constituencies of most members are occupied by Communist usurpers. Thus it has become a kind of "Long Parliament" like the English Long Parliament of 1640 to 1660, also under civil war conditions. Its membership, originally about 770, has been depleted by death and now stands around 520, but it continues to meet and to legislate. No local elections could fill the gaps, since the voters of one province cannot elect the representative of all China. Supposing that, *per impossibile*, our President, Congress, and Supreme Court were evicted from Washington by a Communist onslaught and forced to retreat to Hawaii. In such an eventuality our government would continue to meet and exercise its functions without renewal by election, until normal conditions could be restored in the United States. A situation in which the national government and a self-governing province or state are compressed into the same territory is abnormal, and one would naturally expect a certain amount of friction between a proud localism and the government's concern with the recovery of its legitimate national position. For even though the national government has in its care now only the people of that insular fraction of national territory, it operates as the steward of the whole of national tradition and cultural patrimony, and it can be said to serve as those "who only stand and wait," an arduous, indefinite, hope-sustained service, *in extremis*.

Chiang Kai-shek's government would be fully justified if it performed nothing but this service of heroic waiting. Actually, it has done far more. It has developed the last bit of free Chinese soil as it has defended it, and its development has become the great shining model to serve as a demonstrated alternative to Communist development. The foundation is a thoroughgoing, equitable, and democratic land reform, setting a limit on land rent and on land holdings, enabling former tenants to acquire land as their property with ten-year installment payments geared to their crops, and compensating the landowners with shares in government-owned industry, thus providing an impulse for further investments in industrialization. This pattern has already been adopted by Iran for the land reform now being undertaken by the Shah. On Taiwan, it has resulted in a remarkable spur to agricultural initiative and production, to private housebuilding, mechanization, and, above all, to the people's education as many sons of farmers are now being sent to school. At the same time industrialization is growing apace, frequently in direct connection with a rural population that finds part-time employment in industry. Per capita income rises and the cost of living declines, the only place in the world where this is the case. As the Free Chinese gain experience, they are in increasing demand for technical aid to developing countries. Free Chinese experts now help the developing agriculture and industries of more than twenty nations in Asia and Africa. They have much to give, for their example has proved that industrialization and the requisite reform of agriculture can be accomplished with humanity, democratic consideration, respect for personal dignity, and without sacrificing the lives and happiness of the living generation.

Preserving Chinese Culture

Taiwan thus is not merely a waiting place; it is a pilot plant for the modern China, a practical implementation of Sun Yat-sen's ideas on this subject. What is most remarkable, however, is that this modernization pattern does not demand a betrayal of the moral and cultural substance of unity which, after all, *is* China. Modern technology is no substitute for this, it is a tool for producing things. The great question for both East and West is in what spirit and through what culture economic development will be achieved. Chiang's government has embraced the cause of innovation with the spirit of loyalty to China's traditional morality and culture. Thus it has become evident to the world that the representatives of China are the rulers on Taiwan and not the hordes whose all-devouring "cultural revolution" is smashing everything that has made China great. On Taiwan, the ancient Chinese culture is still intact, in the midst of rapid economic and technical progress. Here are preserved the cultural treasures of the Peking Palace Museum, packed in crates when they were threatened by Japanese shells and carried along by the government with loving care through the vicissitudes of world war and civil war, until a splendid new museum could be built for them on Taiwan to display to modern Chinese their patrimony. On Taiwan Confucius is not an empty word but a living authority, here the family still channels moral order from generation to generation, and people deal with each other in the traditional courtesy and consideration of China. The Communists may control vast numbers of unhappy Chinese, but China is here, on Taiwan, loyally kept and nurtured and readied for the morrow by faithful stewards who not merely preserve but increase their pound.

Not an Idea but a Reality

Chiang Kai-shek's government is the keeper of Chinese substance, the trailblazer of a modern but democratic China, the chief hope for an orderly recovery from the Communist nightmare. Not only for the sake of China but also for the rest of the world: if such a government did not exist, would one not want to invent it? Would that something like this were available for Russia, Poland, Hungary! Without West Germany as the shining example of what a free Germany can be, would Ulbricht's regime be as weak and precarious as it is? Alas, such governments cannot be created *in abstracto* and, what is more, they cannot exist apart from a residue of national soil on which they can continue to represent the country in legitimacy and entirety, even though, as in the Chinese case, *in* territorial *extremis*. But whether on much or little of residual national territory, what sustains them is not so much their remaining legitimate jurisdiction but their spirit of hope and dedication, the unwavering loyalty of leaders who, separated from homes, their native cities and provinces, their mainland, never cease to serve their country as a whole, firm in their belief that what they are serving is not a mere idea but a living reality.

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Letter From Italy

The Phenomenon of Padre Pio

TOM SAGE

One sees his picture on the tops of collection boxes around the world. The arms are outstretched in the act of benediction, and there are dark stains on the palms of his hands. One sees his picture in houses all over Italy, a silver-bearded, somber-looking Capuchin monk. China plaques on walls invoke his blessing: "Jesus, Mary and Padre Pio, pray for us." Countless miracles have been attributed to him in the fifty years since the day he awoke from a faint, bleeding from wounds in his hands, feet and side. Over a hundred biographies have been written (three have appeared in the last year or so), discussing the miracles and the wounds, offering medically attested evidence, defending, attacking, praising Padre Pio of Pietralcina.

What is undeniable is that Padre Pio has transformed the life of the barren, poor area of Southern Italy in which he was born, eighty years ago last spring. Because of him, the Gargano district—the spur of Italy's heel—possesses one of the largest and best hospitals in the South; and the village of San Giovanni Rotondo has become a prosperous town of a dozen hotels.

The Odor of Violets

San Giovanni is built on the side of a mountain that rises to 3,000 feet. The road zig-zags up through scabby, crumbling rocks and the broad plain of Foggia spreads out below. The hotels are named after saints: the largest is named, in blue neon, Santa Maria della Grazie; all are full of pilgrims. The long, smooth Viale dei Cappucini leads uphill to the Monastery, lined with religious gift shops, hotels, pensioni, cafés. Beside the tiny white church where Padre Pio has worshiped most of his life, a grandiose new edifice rises, like white stone turned out of a jelly-mold, and decorated inside with shiny tomato-sauce marble. Behind the altar is a huge mosaic of the Madonna and Child, surrounded by angels, in pink and blue pastel shades. It is not beautiful, but it is at least big enough for the thousand or so people who turn up for Padre Pio's early Mass.

Bells clang in the corridors of hotels all over town at 4:30 A.M. The pilgrims struggle uphill against the wind, umbrellas blowing inside out, to take every seat and stand in every aisle of the church. A thin, bearded monk chants through a microphone and the congregation murmurs the responses, until, at the faint tinkle of a bell, Padre Pio appears. He seems very frail and stiff: this year the Holy See has granted him special permission to sit while celebrating Mass. It lasts more than an hour. Afterwards, in the Sacristy, he hears confessions. There is a waiting list of a week for men, a month for women. With a crowd of some two hundred people, blind, maimed or sick, I was swept bodily through the narrow doors to the hall where Padre Pio knelt in prayer, his back guarded by two hefty monks. At last he rose and the crowd squeezed forward to receive his blessing and kiss his hand. The brown mittens, which he wears at all times except when celebrating Mass, were fervently touched by scores of pairs of lips in the few minutes before he withdrew, turning half-way up a flight of marble stairs to give his blessing again. The crowded gathering knelt and began to pray aloud.

The scene has been enacted, with greater or lesser degrees of fervor, almost every day since the morning in September 1918, three days after the feast of the stigmata of St. Francis, when Padre Pio was found unconscious on the church floor, bleeding from his five wounds. The Vatican has never made any pronouncement on the phenomenon. It has sent doctors, the first in 1919, to examine the stigmata. Professor Enrico Bignami of Rome University made a long report on Padre Pio's physical and psychological condition, and concluded that the wounds might be self-inflicted; but he thought this unlikely, in view of the monk's personality and mental outlook, and the fact that the wounds were so perfectly symmetrical and "remained without notable change" for months. They remained in fact for years, and Padre Pio was examined by Drs. Festa and Romanelli, also sent by the Holy See. Dr. Festa stated that all five wounds had a characteristic odor of violets and that the one in Padre Pio's side was in the form of a cross seven centimeters in length. In his opinion they had not been produced by outside agency, or the application of irritating substances. Dr. Romanelli's report could offer no explanation of the cause of these lesions, nor of their refusal to heal. There has been no medical examination since the 1920s. (The photographs on sale at San Giovanni Rotondo show dark areas of excoriation over the palm, but no distinct wound.)

Groans and Apparitions

Padre Pio never talks about himself, either to explain or to complain. Born of a peasant family of the poorest kind, he entered a Capuchin monastery at the age of fifteen, was ordained in 1910, contracted tuberculosis, which disappeared at the time he received the wounds and—according to all his biographers—was violently tempted by the devil. There are many stories of fierce physical struggles in his cell, of groans, audible in the street, of apparitions. After the appearance of the stigmata in 1918, pilgrims crowded to San Giovanni and the miraculous cures began. Padre Pio was sent into strict seclusion for twenty years and ordered by his superiors to keep his hands covered with mittens. Some of the most famous miracles attributed to him took place during the war. They involved his power of "bilocation," of being in two places at once. Innumerable saints have been so gifted, among them St. Anthony of Padua and St. Theresa. An Italian fighter pilot tells of jumping from a burning plane. His parachute failed to open, but a friar appeared in mid-air and carried him to earth. When the pilot's mother showed him a picture of Padre Pio, he replied, "That's the man!" His mother

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had been praying to the monk at the time.

Still more remarkable is the miraculous intervention recorded in the Rev. Charles M. Carty's *Padre Pio*:

> During the war the Americans had an air base at Bari, about 75 miles from San Giovanni. There were still Germans in the area, and the American officer in charge at Bari heard they had a munitions dump near San Giovanni. He called his officers and planned a raid. He would lead in the first plane. When the General, who was a Protestant, neared San Giovanni, he saw, high in the air, ahead of his plane, a monk with arms outstretched as if to ward off their coming. The General was stupefied. He ordered the formation to return to base and drop the bombs in an open field where they would do no harm . . .

The General learned only later of Padre Pio's existence from an Italian officer. They went together to San Giovanni Rotondo where the American immediately "recognized Padre Pio as the one he had seen in the air in front of his plane."

Chicken Blood

The "gift of perfume" is also common to many saints. It is taken as a sign that the saint has heard one's prayer, or is near, and according to Padre Pio's official biographer Alberto del Fante, "It comes as a warning to proceed with or desist from some action. . . . It reminds one of roses or violets or lilies; at times of incense, at others of carbolic acid or even of tobacco."

The Fante book and many others had great sales, and in the postwar years Padre Pio's popularity reached a frenzied height which was a constant embarrassment to the Holy See, which considered moving him to some remote retreat. This brought threats of violent reaction in San Giovanni. When Monsignor Maccari, a Vatican emissary, was sent there in 1960 to investigate rumors of mismanagement and exploitation of pilgrims by racketeers, an unholy row broke out.

Padre Pio's hospital, the Casa Sollievo della Sofferenza, built from donations which include $400,000 from New York's Mayor Fiorello La Guardia, had opened four years previously. The racketeers moved in. Pilgrims were met at the Foggia railroad station by "guides" who took them to confess to Padre Pio and charged huge sums. Bandages dipped in chicken blood were sold as having come from the monk's wounds. Every Mass he celebrated became a riot, in which women scissored pieces from his robe, or fought over the cushion he had knelt on. On one notorious occasion the wife of a Chilean diplomat was bitten on the nose and stabbed with a hatpin. The best pews were roped off by a group calling themselves the Spiritual Daughters of Padre Pio—wives and relatives of local dignitaries.

Msgr. Maccari patiently bore the cries of "Inquisitor!" while he performed his cleanup, threw out the trash vendors, curtailed the powers of the "Spiritual Daughters," and protected Padre Pio from too vigorous attentions by means of a system of iron separating screens. Reports that the padre's cell and confessional were "bugged" are still very firmly believed today, despite Vatican denials. Msgr. Maccari also reformed the chaotic state of the monastery's finances.

The hospital, which cost over $3 million to build, is controlled by a real estate company, with Padre Pio holding all shares except one. (He was released from his vow of poverty by Pope Pius XII in 1957.) The spare share is held by a Count Telfener, who is described as one of the monk's "spiritual children," of whom there are about fifty. They form a rather loose board of directors.

Donations continue to flow in from all over the world at a rate of between $2,000 to $3,000 a day, and they go to improve this most desperately backward corner of Italy, where illiteracy is between 30 and 50 per cent, average family income around $300 a year. Many try to escape cruel reality; some flee to America, others to the more emotional reaches of faith. This has always been a land of saints. An oracle of Apollo was ousted from a cave on top of Mount Gargano, ten miles from San Giovanni, in 492 A.D. by the Archangel Michael, who appeared in person to a local bishop. For centuries it was one of the greatest centers of pilgrimage, to which emperors and popes came barefoot as a penance. (The most famous recent visitor was Pope John XXIII, when still a cardinal.) In recent years, pilgrim traffic has been rather diverted from St. Michael's damp, dark cavern to the startling, neon-lit reality of San Giovanni Rotondo. Miracles apart, one reason for Padre Pio's success is his personal charm and the impish, sly humor with which he sometimes deals with supplicants. He likes to tease journalists. *Newsweek*'s correspondent, Curtis Pepper, still remembers the day on which, after asking the monk a series of portentous questions about world peace, he received in return a warm smile, and a firm box on the ear from a mittened hand. "It hurt," said Pepper.

Italians are sure that Padre Pio will be declared a saint in time. But whether he is or not, one feels that he has already done more for the people of Southern Italy, in a practical sense, than all his saintly predecessors.

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South American Pastiche

All In a Day's Work

ROBERT PETER

True story from a South American lawyer's office: the client had had an automobile collision. "What shall we do?" he asked in despair. "The other fellow got the names of witnesses on the spot, but I was so shaken up that it slipped my mind." The lawyer smiles and calls his assistant. "Rodriguez, we need two witnesses right away." Comes the answer: "Yes indeed, sir, and what is it they should have seen?"

In a certain city the visitor can look with wonder on whole crowds of indios and half-breeds squatting on the steps of the court house, staring at nothing. One inquires why it is that these simple folk have so many legal problems. Not at all: they are witnesses. Now and then a lawyer approaches two or three of them, tells them what they are to swear to under oath, names his price, and trots them before the judge to swear accordingly.

Dein Wort soll aber sein
*Ja ja—nein nein!**

So wrote the Austrian poet Franz Grillparzer. So it is with justice in South America, although rather less in the service of truth than of desire —or cash.

Almost everywhere the legal system rests on the ancient principles of the Code Napoleon. There are no oral proceedings in which the court is free to evaluate the evidence, no such modern advances. It is all on paper. Three witnesses constitute proof? Then two witnesses are only two-thirds persuasive. If contradictory "evidence" is evenly supported by contradictory "witnesses," then other factors must decide. . . . Thus many a judge who began his career in modest circumstances now lives as a man of means—not every judge, but many.

A European lawyer who was admitted to the bar in one South American city thought he had seen everything until, in a very pressing case, he found that day after day he could not catch the judge. The judge simply didn't enter his chambers. Finally the lawyer made cautious inquiries and discovered that the judge—flouting all principle!—had taken money from *both* parties in the case, and couldn't figure out how to rule.

In one country whose population is mostly indios, law officers need to understand the popular superstitions. It can come to pass that an indio, giving testimony, tells lies to the judge's face, even though he must know the judge suspects him. The experienced judge will suspect the indio has been chewing cocoa leaves, as the indios do all day long. That explains it. For the indios are convinced that the cocoa leaf allows them to tell every sort of falsehood without getting caught. The judge orders the indio to spit out the cocoa leaf. The indio immediately revises his testimony.

The Franking Privilege

In certain South American countries, when you receive a letter, you experience a feeling of happy wonder, of humble thanks, that everything has come out all right. It contrasts with the feeling of anxious concern when mailing a letter. In Brazil some years ago the authorities issued a new rule: if you mail a letter, you can demand that it be franked by a metered machine and not with stamps. The experienced South American will immediately understand the basis of this reasonable measure. When you stick stamps on an envelope, they are easily stolen—either by the postal clerk who sold you the stamps and accepted your letter, or by one of his colleagues. If the stamps have been canceled, then they will be stolen by the letter carrier who is in cahoots with a stamp dealer. But there is no profit to be made from a machine mark, so the chance of a machine-stamped letter arriving at its destination rises almost to certainty.

If you live in South America long enough, you will encounter other postal piquancies. In Uruguay once, eleven postal officials were arrested. It had come to light that these fine functionaries were business partners of a scrap paper dealer, who paid them a good price per *ton*. The production line started with the daily post, especially printed matter, newspapers, and the like. Airmail was spared, because it was "too light in weight."

In Buenos Aires a policeman observed a letter carrier who, when he thought no one was looking, emptied his entire mail bag onto a dump heap. The alert policeman stepped in, collected the scattered letters—and arrested the sinner and marched him off to the police station. His excuse was touching: he suffered from asthma; one could not expect him to run around so much that it would harm him.

In Montevideo, by contrast, the police found 50,000 letters and other pieces of mail in the home of one (1) letter carrier. The man was arrested. His defense: he had a second job, and therefore didn't have the time to deliver all these items. Of course he did admit that he had somehow found time to open a goodly number of them and search them for checks or cash. Perhaps he did it evenings, as a hobby?

Once upon a time a lady saw at her friend's house a copy of a handsome fashion magazine and asked where she had bought it. Her friend named a bookdealer. The lady smiled. "You must pay a horrible price there," she cried, "but I get the best magazines at a song. My cleaning woman is engaged to a postal clerk who brings her the finest journals and fashion magazines from Europe and the United States, and she sells them to me cheaper than I could get them in any store."

A letter from Europe is delivered in Buenos Aires or Montevideo in three or four days—over a distance of seventeen flying hours. A letter from Montevideo to Buenos Aires takes one week—air time is forty minutes. As a result several private enterprises now handle mail from one bank of the Plata to the other. It costs more, but you get 24-hour service. Whence it appears that even in South America the postal service can function well—if you don't use the Post Office.

* See Matthew 5:37

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FROM THE ACADEMY

Don't Make a Plea For Sanity

RUSSELL KIRK

CONSERVATIVE reform may be your ruin. An experienced Californian educational administrator, Dr. John W. Gilbaugh, has been penalized because he favors sanity on the campus.

For seven years, Dr. Gilbaugh was Dean of the College at San Jose State College. More than a year ago, he was arbitrarily removed from that post by the president of San Jose State. So far, Dr. Gilbaugh's appeals to the educational authorities have been in vain. The administration of the college couldn't get rid of him altogether, because he has tenure; he has been reassigned, under humiliating conditions, to teaching in the division of education, at a reduced salary.

Kirk

Some of Dr. Gilbaugh's trouble was produced by his opposing the appointment of a Marxist and Castro-apologist to the faculty, and perhaps by his endeavor to see that members of the faculty conduct themselves with common decency. But the principal cause of his demotion seems to have been his publication of a little book (portions of which originally appeared in the *San Jose Mercury-News*), *A Plea for Sanity in the Public Colleges and Universities.* (Modern Education Publishers, Box 651, San Jose, Calif. $1.00.)

Students are entitled to better instruction than is often available to them in nearly every public college and university," Dr. Gilbaugh wrote. "The system of faculty control safely guarded behind the impenetrable shield of academic freedom tends to perpetuate and assure an even distribution of educational mediocrity in student achievement."

He examined a wide variety of abuses in the academy today: the perversion of the doctrine of "the community of scholars"; academic nepotism; emphasis on research at the expense of competent teaching; relegation of classroom instruction to incompetent assistants or to students themselves; the decay of academic responsibility and the growth of academic license; the baneful influence of student "activists"; the college as school for rebellion; academic featherbedding; the loss of control of public educational institutions by public authorities. And he outlined reforms in a conservative vein.

Dr. Gilbaugh proposed to make the governing boards of Californian educational institutions elective; to make all administrative posts, including the state superintendency of public instruction, appointive; to "restructure the faculty workload," in a voluntary fashion, allowing more time for good teaching; to revise principles of tenure and promotion. Whether or not one agrees with all of Dr. Gilbaugh's criticisms or recommendations, his small book should have been welcomed as a basis for discussion of educational reform. Instead, the entrenched administrative clique growled, "Let him be anathema."

"Because of burgeoning college and university enrollments," Dr. Gilbaugh concluded, "and with available financial resources already being taxed beyond the limit of the public's ability to pay, state legislatures are being forced to reassess the wasteful practices currently tolerated in public higher education. Unless positive action occurs to change the course on which public-supported higher education is charted, many qualified high-school graduates will be unable, because of excessive financial demands or because of overcrowded conditions, to gain admission to many of the colleges and universities.

"And there is much evidence that many of those who are admitted, unless immediate and drastic measures for improvement are undertaken, will eventually be awarded worthless degrees. Some students who attend public-supported colleges and universities will in effect receive a college degree—but not a college education."

Thought always is painful; and merely to tolerate discussion of this dean's recommendations would have required thought, at San Jose State and elsewhere. It was easier to deprive the dean of his post. There is more intolerance within the academy, often, than in society at large; as Mr. Arthur Koestler points out in *The Sleepwalkers,* the real persecutors of Galileo were not members of the church hierarchy, but rather his academic colleagues. A college administration and a college faculty like that at San Jose, however sedulous to secure the rights of Fidelistas, feels little tenderness for a conservative dissenter from existing dominations and powers.

In Dr. Gilbaugh, nevertheless, they caught a Tartar. Unsilenced, Dr. Gilbaugh and some of his colleagues at San Jose State have established a Committee for Academic Responsibility in Education, including a speakers' bureau which promotes discussion of educational reform; Dr. Gilbaugh himself has made forty speeches in three months. He has appealed to the courts against his reassignment, and friends are trying to raise money to defray the costs of litigation.

If the general public has no clear understanding of the need for qualitative improvement in state universities and colleges, still the public has become aware of the necessity for better employment of public funds in education, what with the immense and growing cost, particularly in California. Dr. Gilbaugh's recommendations for retrenchment and better utilization of funds are attracting some attention. The Gilbaugh plan actually would *increase* instructors' and professors' salaries by 25 per cent—by more efficient use of their time, and elimination of academic boondoggles.

No nation in the world, and no other state in the Union, ever has spent so much public money on higher education, per head, as does California. If the criticisms and recommendations of men like Dr. Gilbaugh are cast into the outer darkness, this laboring mountain may conceive a mouse.

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Judgment On South Africa

W. H. HUTT

The eminent author of *Advise and Consent,* Mr. Allen Drury, decided recently to visit South Africa with a determination to get at the truth. During a tour which could not have lasted more than a few months, he succeeded remarkably well. In a brilliantly conceived book entitled *A Very Strange Society,* he leaves three main impressions.

Firstly, an image emerges of a peaceful country, of fantastic racial complexity, in which all races are hospitable, friendly and (politicians excepted) mostly happy (even when subject to gross discriminations), despite deep inquietude in the minority groups—whites, "Coloreds" (half-castes) and Indians.

Secondly, the reader hears a damning and forthright indictment of apartheid policy—all the more damning because of the patent fairness with which its defenders' case is recorded (usually in their own words), and partly because of the author's own insistence on the many positive achievements of that policy.

Thirdly, the impression is left of an equally scathing indictment of the attitudes of the United States, Britain and the United Nations towards South Africa.

After leisurely and friendly interviews with leaders of thought and action in all groups, Mr. Drury tells us how, from the Prime Minister to the sole parliamentary representative of the Progressive Party, all pleaded, "Give us time." And time, he insists, "is what they need. . . . The South African knows that he has a fearful, terrifying problem." He needs help. But to appease the black African states, the world offers hostility. Yet those states are just "as guilty of apartheid of tribes, ruthless suppression of dissent, and harsh application of racially based laws."

Mr. Drury obviously won the confidence and liking of nearly all he approached; and he seems to have been the guest (at luncheons, dinners, tea parties, and journeys to view the great scenic beauties of the country) of most of those he interviewed. Yet there is nothing superficial about his reporting. His questions were shrewd and challenging.

The apparent sincerity of nearly everyone he interviewed is evident. There are exceptions. Some—particularly among the "Nats" and the "Libs"—were clearly evasive, some emotionally doctrinaire, and some sanctimonious humbugs. But most Nationalist Afrikaners were eager, confident and, although warily avoiding criticism of the Government (which Mr. Drury shows could ruin their careers in whatever field they may have chosen, and lead to social ostracism in Afrikaner circles), often confessed uneasiness or stressed the liberalizing policy changes which are unobtrusively occurring. The former Prime Minister's brother remarked: "A lot of politics is timing." A government cannot ignore the feelings of its supporters and act too rapidly or bluntly, he said; but "if things are done quietly—step by step—then change comes and people accept it." And intelligent Afrikaners all know, in their hearts, what an eminent Afrikaner academician confessed: "The electorate that supports the Government is still in the ox-cart stage in its attitude towards non-whites."

Part of Mr. Drury's method has been to sandwich, between accounts of his interviews, newspaper reports of events which seem to contradict the impressions created by the interviews. And passages which may have left a dismal picture are often followed by short factual statements which record the material progress that is occurring, and the formidable economic benefits in which all races, and particularly the Africans, are sharing.

A Very Strange Society: A Journey to the Heart of South Africa, by Allen Drury. Trident, $6.95

Since a Communist victory in fomenting bloodshed at Sharpeville (for which official lack of foresight was to blame), the Government has, by the use of totalitarian methods, stamped out conspiracies to change the system *via* intimidation, murder and sabotage. The present Prime Minister (Minister of Justice when interviewed), tactfully but firmly questioned about imprisonment without trial, said: "If the evidence placed before me indicates that a man is toying with sabotage or . . . that he is involved in such an organization, and the evidence is such that I cannot take him to court, . . . must I sit and wait until he does commit sabotage?" Mr. Drury rejects this suggestion that a politician can judge the facts better than an independent court, but admits that the Communists have "met their match . . . and they just can't take it."

Yet on totalitarian methods, and on "petty apartheid," which together provide valuable ammunition for the leftists in the cold war, he is magnificently outspoken. "The individual Afrikaner is not a cruel person," he says. "What evil genius forces him to be so cruel as a government?" And he instances *inter alia* "the heartless application of the Group Areas Act," whilst "nothing can justify the deliberate dismantling of bridges between the races, the common ground upon which the decent of all colors might work out their joint destiny, such as the universities. . . ." The Afrikaners must "get over their feelings of vindictive triumph and stop being as arrogant as they can be in their worst moments."

This very readable book does not attempt to throw light on the economic origins of racial injustice, and it contains minor inaccuracies. But if thoughtful Afrikaners can only be persuaded to read it, it is likely to hasten the hesitant readjustments in policy which Mr. Drury has already sensed. And if the American State Department policy-makers can be persuaded to read it, they will perceive the need for "humility, tolerance and compassion," for which the

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author pleads eloquently in his moving summing-up. The official American attitude must bear major responsibility for ruining the effort of those reformers in South Africa who wish gradually to remove political and economic discriminations. These reformers are not reactionaries because they wish to protect the white, "Colored" and Indian minorities from the overwhelmingly large African population.

Pope to Pop Art

ARLENE CROCE

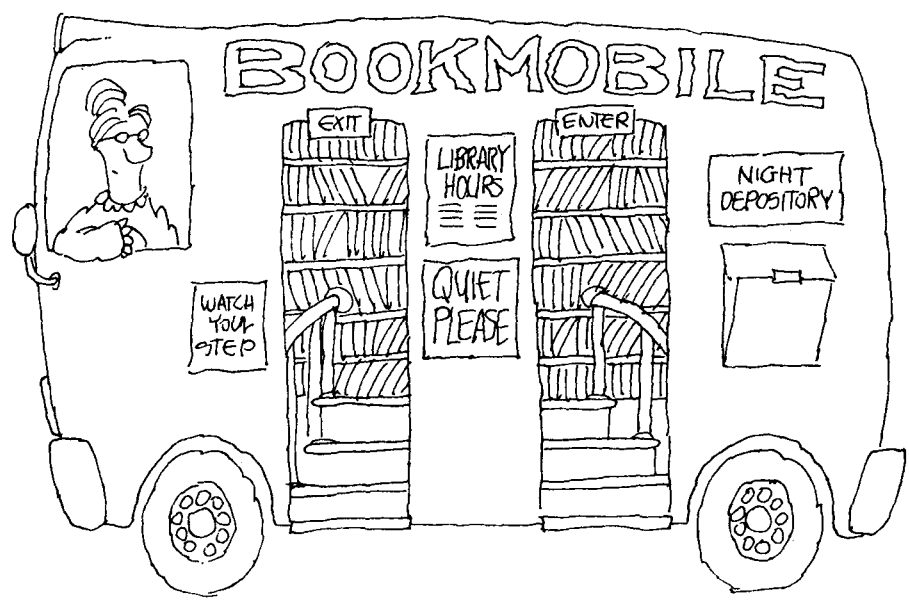
HUGH KENNER's new book is so full of a number of things—historical research, linguistic analysis, art criticism—and so unconfined by the conventional limits of these specialties that the temptation would be to call it a *tour de force,* one of those singular works that make imaginative leaps beyond the prejudicial boundaries of scholarship and so qualify as independent creations in their own right. But it is hard to call a *tour de force* a work whose impact is as evident and just as the sun on a clear morning; Mr. Kenner's triumph has been to make us see that the things he connects—things presumably as disparate as Pope's *Dunciad* and Warhol's soup cans; the Royal Society (which in the 1660s set itself to rationalizing the English language) and the Xerox machine; Charles Babbage (the father of the digital computer) and Buster Keaton—were always there to be connected, and pre-eminently to be connected in just this way. And of the immediate relevance of these connections there can be no doubt. The day after I read the book I opened the *New York Times* to Hilton Kramer's art column and found: ". . . Works of art are coming more and more to resemble reproductions. In fact, they often *are* reproductions. The original resides—uncollected and uncollectable—in the artist's head. What we see is an approximate realization, which, whether executed by the artist's hand or the hands of his assistants or by machine, is made to look as if no *particular* hand ever touched it. Pity the poor forgers of the future! The artist has anticipated them, and become his own forger."

Which is one of Mr. Kenner's points. But his interest in the Counterfeiters isn't alone in those who palm off frauds on unwary millionaires, it's in the counterfeit as a cardinal emblem of the modern sensibility. *The Counterfeiters* is in fact a guide to the emergence of this sensibility and there is virtually no area of our public life which its perceptions do not invade.

ART IS A COMEDY to those who think. To those who feel, the period 1690-1740 well deserves its Augustan halo dignifying the coming of Rational Man, an Enlightenment never to be repeated. But note Mr. Kenner's subtitle: *An Historical Comedy.* It was the preoccupation of that half-century to ascertain the ways in which men differed from the other animals, to seek definitions; its philosophy was empiricism and its great mode of expression was satire, which battens on definitions. *Equinitas:* horseness. But *humanitas:* is there an essence of men? If the Houyhnhnms are more than horses, Gulliver is less than a man (Kenner makes a great case for it). Define a thing and you have submitted it to satire; also, Mr. Kenner tells us, to mechanism. "For Swift's age was groping toward a principle familiar to ours, that you can be said to understand a process thoroughly if you know how to instruct a machine to carry it out. . . . This makes a related proposition seem plausible: to the extent that you can simulate an organism, to that extent you understand what it is." From Swift, then, forward to the industrial revolution. Swift's age knew that man was counterfeitable (did Gulliver exist? did Crusoe? By their books ye shall know them); the Victorians proved it. The era of modern technology dawned on just something like this metaphysical proposition, as put by Kenner: "If a man does nothing with his life but spin threads, then just how is a thread-spinning machine not a purified man? And indeed it can replace him."

And indeed it did. We should not be surprised to find Charles Babbage (1792-1871) whose "Analytical Engine" prefigured the IBM machine right down to the last punched card, a comic figure, like Keaton an alien in his own universe. This imperturbable inventor of genius once undertook an expedition to Vesuvius. Armed with sundry measuring devices, a bottle of Irish whisky and a few biscuits, he lowered himself into the crater.

> To determine the height of the rim from which he had descended, he measured off a 340-foot base line on the scoriac soil, marking one end with his walking stick. The walking stick burst into flames. Then address-



***The Counterfeiters: An Historical Comedy,* by Hugh Kenner. Indiana University Press, $5.00**

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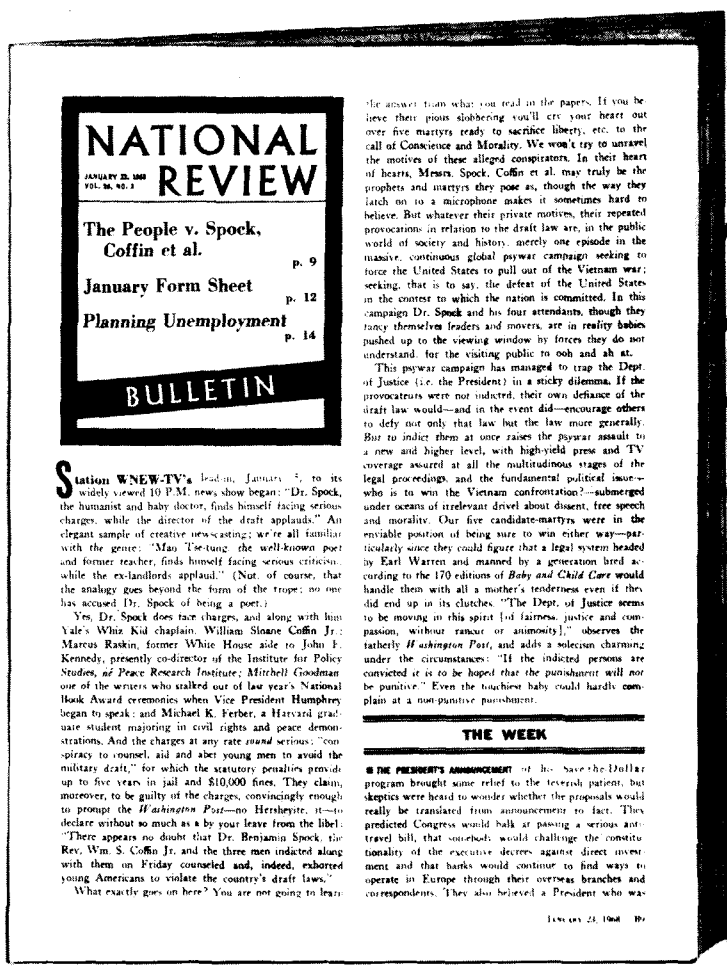

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BULLETIN

Station WNEW-TV's leaden, January 5, to its widely viewed 10 P.M. news show began: "Dr. Spock, the humanist and baby doctor, finds himself facing serious charges, while the director of the draft applauds." An elegant sample of creative newscasting; we're all familiar with the genre: "Mao Tse-tung, the well-known poet and former teacher, finds himself facing serious criticism, while the ex-landlords applaud." (Not, of course, that the analogy goes beyond the form of the trope: no one has accused Dr. Spock of being a poet.)

Yes, Dr. Spock does face charges, and along with him Yale's Whiz Kid chaplain, William Sloane Coffin Jr.; Marcus Raskin, former White House aide to John F. Kennedy, presently co-director of the Institute for Policy Studies, né Peace Research Institute; Mitchell Goodman, one of the writers who stalked out of last year's National Book Award ceremonies when Vice President Humphrey began to speak; and Michael K. Ferber, a Harvard graduate student majoring in civil rights and peace demonstrations. And the charges at any rate *sound* serious: "conspiracy to counsel, aid and abet young men to avoid the military draft," for which the statutory penalties provide up to five years in jail and $10,000 fines. They claim, moreover, to be guilty of the charges, convincingly enough to prompt the *Washington Post*—no Hersheyite, it—to declare without so much as a by your leave from the libel: "There appears no doubt that Dr. Benjamin Spock, the Rev. Wm. S. Coffin Jr. and the three men indicted along with them on Friday counseled and, indeed, exhorted young Americans to violate the country's draft laws."

What exactly goes on here? You are not going to learn the answer from what you read in the papers. If you believe their pious slobbering you'll cry your heart out over five martyrs ready to sacrifice liberty, etc. to the call of Conscience and Morality. We won't try to unravel the motives of these alleged conspirators. In their heart of hearts, Messrs. Spock, Coffin et al. may truly be the prophets and martyrs they pose as, though the way they latch on to a microphone makes it sometimes hard to believe. But whatever their private motives, their repeated provocations in relation to the draft law are, in the public world of society and history, merely one episode in the massive, continuous global psywar campaign seeking to force the United States to pull out of the Vietnam war; seeking, that is to say, the defeat of the United States in the contest to which the nation is committed. In this campaign Dr. Spock and his four attendants, though they fancy themselves leaders and movers, are in reality babies pushed up to the viewing window by forces they do not understand, for the visiting public to ooh and ah at.

This psywar campaign has managed to trap the Dept. of Justice (i.e. the President) in a sticky dilemma. If the provocateurs were not indicted, their own defiance of the draft law would—and in the event did—encourage others to defy not only that law but the law more generally. But to indict them at once raises the psywar assault to a new and higher level, with high-yield press and TV coverage assured at all the multitudinous stages of the legal proceedings, and the fundamental political issue—who is to win the Vietnam confrontation?—submerged under oceans of irrelevant drivel about dissent, free speech and morality. Our five candidate-martyrs were in the enviable position of being sure to win either way—particularly since they could figure that a legal system headed by Earl Warren and manned by a generation bred according to the 170 editions of *Baby and Child Care* would handle them with all a mother's tenderness even if they did end up in its clutches. "The Dept. of Justice seems to be moving in this spirit [of fairness, justice and compassion, without rancor or animosity]," observes the fatherly *Washington Post*, and adds a solecism charming under the circumstances: "If the indicted persons are convicted it is to be hoped that the punishment will not be punitive." Even the touchiest baby could hardly complain at a non-punitive punishment.

THE WEEK

■ THE PRESIDENT'S ANNOUNCEMENT of his Save-the-Dollar program brought some relief to the feverish patient, but skeptics were heard to wonder whether the proposals would really be translated from announcement to fact. They predicted Congress would balk at passing a serious anti-travel bill, that somebody would challenge the constitutionality of the executive decrees against direct investment and that banks would continue to find ways to operate in Europe through their overseas branches and correspondents. They also believed a President who was

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1. THE WEEK:
A compact listing of the week's most significant news items—many "overlooked" in the nation's press;

2. ON THE LEFT:
A regular report on what the Left is up to, including private reports from authoritative sources here and abroad;

3. CAPITAL BULLETIN:
A provocative report by "Winston," pseudonym for a top Washington correspondent who knows his way around the inner circles of government —that's why his news beats often appear as headline stories *weeks* after you've read them in the BULLETIN;

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A new feature that tells you what to look for in—and behind—current trends;

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ing his attention to the active crater, he timed its eructations and after some maneuvering installed himself at full length, with six minutes to spare before the next burst, on a ledge of rock overhanging the lake of lava. He was "armed with two phials, one of common smelling salts, and the other containing a solution of ammonia," the former to counteract dizziness, the latter acid vapors: method, in case of crisis, being applicable both to observer and to observed. He examined minutely the propagation of waves in fluid rock, returned to safety when his watch bade, and consumed biscuits. Romanticism's long romance with volcanism having yielded at last to smelling salts and the chronometer, he descended to Naples, a satisfying day behind him. His boots disintegrated when he tried to remove them.

"Babbage himself," Kenner remarks, "is somehow himself an imitation man, the counterfeit of some elusive *humanitas*. . . . Method, order, the division of labor, these mask from him all but the methodizable implications of what he is about." Alan M. Turing (1912-1954), the inventor of the Turing Machine (like Babbage's Analytical Engine, never built), was only slightly less funny. He often wore a gasmask against hayfever and an alarm clock tied around his middle when he had forgotten his wristwatch. The Turing Machine could do, quite simply, anything. By the year 2000, Turing predicted, computers could be so cleverly programmed that their responses would not be distinguished from human ones more than 30 per cent of the time. But consider what it will take to tell the difference between man and machine—not a man-like sympathy, but a machine-like objectivity: Man must observe man but, to preserve the purity of his observations, must become machine.

SO THE MACHINES will have taken us over, a not-unfamiliar theme, a staple in fact of science fiction. Our tendency to isolate this vision of automated man within a futuristic *genre* keeps us from having to deal with it, nor could we deal with it effectively even if we tried. As Mr. Kenner's study shows, it has been too long in the making. The very language we have inherited was processed in the seventeenth century by a Royal Society anxious to universalize diction so that not the speaker but the system was served—not *I say* but *it says*. What logic was to do to poetry Pope demonstrated by composing in the manner of an incompetent poet *The Dunciad* and in the manner of a great one *The Rape of the Lock*, using in both cases techniques that were precisely the same.

Pope, says Kenner, discovered pop art in language, the counterfeitable coin of the realm. And just as, when you want to forge a signature you turn it upside down and copy it, becoming not that person whose signature this is but just a copying machine, a nobody, so the necessary ideal of the modern artist became that art which effaces itself, the artist refined out of existence, as Joyce wrote, "aloof, indifferent, paring his fingernails." Those for whom art consists in approximating a programmed version of itself (draw the human figure, compose an Elizabethan sonnet) will always be baffled by the counterfeiting artist, who seeks his authorization in the historical moment, not in what empiricists can certify as art. Thus "artists counterfeit in a counterfeiting time." If modern urban life seems to us synthetic, an environment regulated for the benefit of cars and demolition experts, as in a pre-Victorian silk factory temperature and moisture were regulated for the benefit of the silk rather than the workers—how should (could) artists respond if not by absorbing the synthetic and recasting it exactly as given, with but one difference, the difference that gesture makes? Kenner puts it very beautifully:

To pretend, so many decades after

Random Notes

● BOOKS: John Kenneth Galbraith has written a novel, of all things, about some misunderstood agrarian reformers in Latin America: *The Triumph* (Houghton, March, $4.95). . . . In *The Economics of Crisis*, veteran seer Eliot Janeway suggests that the Vietnam war is big enough to be a drag on the national effort in other fields, but not big enough to give the economy a boost (Weybright & Talley, $10). . . . Gunnar's Myrdal's next is *Asian Drama*, all about how we Just Don't Understand; in three fat volumes from the Twentieth Century Fund (hardback, $25) and Pantheon (paperback, $10). . . . Pocket Book announces an all-new revised edition of Dr. Spock's *Baby and Child Care* for next fall; will the good Dr. pull a Bunyan? . . . Volume I of a big new reference work, *The Encyclopedia of World Literature in the Twentieth Century* is out; two more to come (F. Ungar, $22.50).

● NOTED: Each year, *Holiday* editor Caskie Stinnett announces the winner of the Prix d'Ennui; for 1967, James Jones' *Go to the Widow Maker* nosed out *The Medium is the Massage* and Susan Sontag's *Death Kit*.

● FOREIGN EXCHANGE: André Malraux's *Antimémoires* will be published here by Holt, in autumn; Terence Kilmartin of the London *Observer* is translating. . . . Robert Graves has done the *Rubaiyat* into English, using a twelfth-century Ms instead of the fifteenth-century version that Fitzgerald used. . . . Anthony Burgess' *Enderby*, about a very mad poet, will be published in this country in April (Norton, $5.95). . . . *Beyond Belief* is Emlyn Williams' attempt to understand those grisly Moors murders (Random House, $5.95). . . . *Twentieth of July*, Constantine FitzGibbon's account of the plot to kill Hitler, is available in paperback (Berkeley, 95 cents). . . . Agatha Christie's next (and 71st), minus Miss Marple and *sans* Poirot, is *Endless Night*, about a gypsy curse (Dodd, Mead, March). . . . Can you wait for *How I Probably Just Came Along on a White Rabbit at the Right Time and Met the Smile on the Face of the Tiger*, by Twiggy herself? You needn't. (Hawthorne, $3.95.)

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Defoe, that the artist is best considered as a craftsman, and the work of art as mute as a Windsor chair, yielding up nothing but empirical information, is to ignore the lesson of generations of counterfeiters who restored the personal to a blank universe by seeming to suppress the person.

I have suggested but a few of the resources contained in this astonishingly brief (174 pages) book. The reader will do better to follow the author's own text for an exposition less schematic by far than any review can make it seem, and for the additional pleasure of the ten witty illustrations by Guy Davenport.

Will the Real Red China Please Stand Up?

FRANK J. JOHNSON

SINCE THE BEGINNING of the United States involvement in Vietnam, the Chinese Nationalists have presented us with a consistent line of reasoning. It goes like this: The war in Vietnam cannot be won in Vietnam. It can only be solved by solving the problem of China. The Chinese Communist leadership is inflexible in purpose and will never let up in its drive to assert its world dominance. The only hope for world peace is, therefore, the overthrow of Chinese Communism. Only the Chinese Nationalists—the legitimate government of China—can carry out this task. They should be allowed to open up a second front against the China mainland. They want only United States moral sanction and logistics support. They do not ask and do not want United States participation in the war against the Communists. The Nationalists further warn that there is very little time left in which they themselves can accomplish this objective. If the move is not made soon the Vietnam war will spread and the Communists will have developed nuclear weapons to the point where only the United States will be able to do the job. This argument, in fact, was presented to the reviewer personally by President Chiang Kai-shek in February 1966.

The counterargument is made that this is a self-serving thesis by the Nationalists, and no doubt it is. And yet events have tended to confirm rather than disprove it. At the heart of America's Asian policy must lie the key question of whether any kind of stable world can be created in this century so long as the 700 million people of mainland China are controlled by the kinds of men who now rule in Peking.

EDWIN REISCHAUER, former United States Ambassador to Japan, argues emphatically that Chiang is wrong and that the prospects for détente with Communist China are excellent if only the United States will change its attitude. His basic premise is that

Red China is no threat of any kind since he alleges that she is much too weak to advance beyond her borders. Even in the unlikely event that mainland China came to dominate all of Southeast Asia this would only weaken her further, he says, and would not harm United States interests. He dismisses Marshal Lin Piao's famous exhortation to encircle and eventually overwhelm the United States and Western Europe as mere empty bombast brought on, in part, by Peking's resentment at our continuing support of Chiang.

American intervention in Vietnam, Reischauer believes, was never necessary and might have been avoided at successive stages in the game, though not without increasing cost in terms of United States prestige. Now, he agrees, it is too late to simply pull out, since the consequence would be loss of *faith* (not face) in the United States commitment far beyond Asia. But he would eventually replace the provocative United States military presence in Southeast Asia by some sort of unspecified international guarantee of the neutralization of the area. He would sacrifice Quemoy and Matsu to Mao's nationalism; he would back the "two-China" idea in the UN; and as to containment of China—one of our presumptive objectives in Vietnam—he would limit United States opposition to "open aggression"—the type he considers least likely.

DONALD ZAGORIA, Associate Professor of Government at Hunter College, attempts to look at the Vietnam puzzle from the viewpoint of the Communist powers. His technique is to analyze and compare the statements and articles of the Communist leaders as a means of deducing their relationships with one another. His most interesting conclusion, in this reviewer's opinion, concerns the Lin Piao article. In his view it was anything but empty oratory. Rather, it carved out the position of the Maoists as opposed to the anti-Maoists who are divided between military hawks and Party doves. The former, symbolized by the purged Chief of Staff Lo Jui-ching, wishes rapprochement with Moscow for the purpose of making common cause with the Soviets in the Vietnam war. The Party opposition, which includes leaders like Liu Shao-chi and Teng Hsiao-ping, also wishes reconciliation with the Kremlin, but only for the purpose of securing economic assistance for China's internal development. Lin Piao struck a balance between the two. For the moment, he was saying, it is too dangerous to risk war with the United States over Vietnam. But the "people's war" can be relied upon to do the trick if it is suitably prolonged and widely enough employed against the "imperialist colossus." China will give what aid she can to these endeavors but the real burden—Ho Chi Minh take note—rests upon the local people waging people's war.

Beyond Vietnam: The United States and Asia, **by Edwin O. Reischauer. Knopf, $4.95**

Vietnam Triangle: Moscow/Peking/Hanoi, **by Donald S. Zagoria. Pegasus, $1.75**

The Korean War, **by Matthew B. Ridgway. Doubleday, $6.95**

Thailand: The War That Is, The War That Will Be, **by Louis E. Lomax. Random House, $4.95**

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This makes sense under present conditions and would explain Red China's extreme reluctance even to allow her own airmen to take part in the Vietnam war. But some of Zagoria's other explanations of the motivations and policies of the NLF, Hanoi, Peking, and Moscow seem less plausible. Russia *is* undoubtedly in something of a dilemma between her desire to uphold her leadership of the Communist world (but why is this so necessary if the cold war is really over as Senator Fulbright et al. maintain?) and her wish to avoid a confrontation with American power. And she may not be overly anxious to boost Peking's prestige. But it does not follow that the best outcome for her is a draw. It is China, not Russia, which has rejected direct military cooperation between the two in aiding Hanoi. It is still America, not China, which constitutes the chief stumbling block to Soviet expansion. The consequences of a complete American humiliation in Vietnam would not be displeasing to the Kremlin. Likewise, Hanoi may very well be reluctant to negotiate because of pressure from the NLF and Peking, but it does not follow that American bombing is for that reason useless or that Hanoi cannot be militarily coerced into negotiating an end to the war. Zagoria's proposal that the United States cease its bombing unconditionally and admit the NLF into a coalition government in Saigon seems naive in the extreme. We are asked to accept, virtually on faith, the proposition that Saigon would be able to hold its own under such conditions. There are not many observers on the spot in Vietnam who would agree with him.

In differing ways, Zagoria and Reischauer both plead the case that the real Red China is not the danger that it is said to be. Therefore arguments about military strategies for dealing with the situation are essentially irrelevant. The United States may safely put its trust in various forms of negotiated settlements which treat Red China as a psychologically disturbed, but pitifully weak, giant which cannot really be considered a threat to the vital interests of the United States.

But this is not the position of the United States Government. For better or worse, the United States is joined in an historic confrontation with the *combined* forces of international Communism in Vietnam, and the outcome of the struggle may well determine the mainstream of world history for several decades to come. The Secretary of State has pointed out the potential danger of one billion Chinese with nuclear weapons, and the first United States ABM deployment is specifically intended to operate against this threat. The real Red China, then, has been defined as an aggressive power, whether it intends to employ people's war or other, more direct methods. The present United States leadership shows no signs that it accepts the reasoning of either Reischauer or Zagoria. The problem now before us is one of reconciling ends and means.

According to General Ridgway in his book on the Korean War, what Douglas MacArthur really wanted during that conflict was to destroy Red China as a potential adversary to the United States and, if necessary, Russia as well. It makes a certain amount of sense. If a great war with Russia and/or China ultimately occurs, history will then have to judge MacArthur as having been correct, since it might have been fought in 1950-51 under far less destructive circumstances than on any occasion thereafter.

The basic decision to choose engagement or disengagement on the Asian mainland occurred in 1950. United States seapower was and always will be sufficient to prevent any invasion of Asia's offshore islands. But we decided to engage in an area where we could be challenged by Chinese ground troops. Once Peking actually intervened in Korea we had a legitimate right to strike directly at the sources of Chinese power but we declined to do so. Given the strategic decision not to attempt to overthrow Mao's new government (a possibility which was hinted at, however, by Dean Rusk, at a Great Issues lecture at Dartmouth College in May 1951), one cannot object to Ridgway's argument that it was best not to try again for the Yalu River. This would have been a much more difficult line to hold indefinitely than the present one.

After the Korean experience, we might once again have disengaged from the Asian mainland, as Reischauer indicates, following the fall of Dien Bien Phu. But we did not. We entered into the SEATO treaty and as a consequence we were gradually sucked into the Vietnam morass. Once more we offered Red China the opportunity to come to grips with us in circumstances where the basic advantages lay with her.

The argument can quite justifiably be made that if we are unwilling to go for a knockout blow against China then we should never have challenged her on her own ground in the first place. This is what MacArthur presumably meant when he warned against further involvement on the mainland of Asia. General Ridgway, in fact, believes that we are overdrawing on our strength in Southeast Asia. He believes that so long as our aim is "to cause Hanoi to cease aggression" logic also forces us to demand the same of Peking. He further believes that Peking would spurn any United States ultimatum to cease and desist and that full implementation of our SEATO commitments might take more troops than we can spare without the use of tactical nuclear weapons. Since this could very well get out of hand, Ridgway would favor a pullback of our world objectives.

This is an honest and legitimate judgment. The grim truth is that we

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must probably expect continued war on the Asian mainland no matter what the Vietnam outcome. Journalist Louis Lomax allows his book on Thailand to degenerate from what starts out to be a reasonably objective, human-interest side of the growing guerrilla war there into a crude, factually dubious, ideological castigation of United States policy in general, but there is no reason to doubt his basic warning: The Communists will do their best to transform Thailand into the next Vietnam, and the United States Government has been less than candid in its admissions of the extent to which we have already committed ourselves to its defense.

The trouble is that we have rejected *both* the Reischauer call for appeasement of Peking on political grounds and the Ridgway call for withdrawal from some of our commitments on strategic military grounds. China *is* dangerous, we conclude, and we will oppose her by force if necessary, but then we fritter away our strength in inconclusive, politically disruptive combat on her periphery. By every statistical indicator we are now winning the war in Vietnam, but the same could be said of Napoleon up to his occupation of Moscow. By waging war on the enemy's terms and pretending that there *is* a substitute for victory, we may yet enable our foe to nibble us to death until the final victory is his.

Since the truth behind our problem is, apparently, too ghastly to be thinkable it will not be thought about. But it will not, for that reason, be avoided.

Science Or Dogma?

ARNOLD W. GREEN

WHETHER Lundberg [George Lundberg is past president of the American Sociological Association] intended it or not, the banishment of justice, morality, and humaneness from his discussion of race relations played directly into the hands of racists and segregationists." Again:

"Among national periodicals of opinion only NATIONAL REVIEW . . . has opened its pages to scientific racists . . . there is no explicit racism, only an occasional statement of views which segregationists find appealing."

Such damning with faint accusation is frequently employed in Professor Newby's attempt to identify and discredit "scientific racists" and their popularizers—those who on scientific, moral, political, or constitutional grounds deviate in the slightest from a social-science "authoritative consensus" which holds that the *Brown* decision is sacrosanct, that the disparity between mean white and Negro IQs consistently established in testing situations is totally explained by the environmental disadvantages faced by American Negroes, and that the Federal Government is the most legitimate and efficient agent for defining and solving social problems.

His book is a curiously old-fashioned one, more suited to the political climate of thirty or forty years ago than the present. It is written as if an ideal set of conditions were waiting to be established, and there was not in fact an unanticipated set of factual conditions which has resulted from a doctrinaire and coercive enforcement of those ideals. At this very moment, an intransigent white South requires more "outside pressure" in order that white liberals "shall overcome." The pure intention of integrationists will ensure a better world, but they must alert befuddled citizens in danger of being conned by scientific racists such as Frank C. J. McGurk and Henry E. Garrett ("In spite of his education at Columbia and his distinguished career as a psychologist, he never overcame many of the social attitudes which his early life in the black belt ingrained in him"), and their popularizers such as James Jackson Kilpatrick and Ernest van den Haag. One way to identify racists like these is to check the citations in publications of the Citizens' Councils. Since Professor Newby does not discuss the Communist press the inference is doubtless unfair, but I doubt that he would label a Communist any writer whose work was praised in the Communist press.

HE EITHER IGNORES or does not know what has been happening in recent years. As the effects of the *Brown* decision have combined with other changes, the erstwhile liberal world of good versus bad guys has become more complicated, and, while the ideological coalition of the Fifties has yet to splinter, it has become something less than monolithic. Militant black racists have repudiated public-school integration because they resent the imputation that white children are required in nearby seats lest black children remain stupid. Outdated too, at least in the eyes of most people who share his prejudices, is his willingness to have IQ or class-performance scores utilized in determining which colored children will be assigned to integrated schools. "Tracking" results in resegregated classrooms within desegregated schools, and is now under legal as well as street attack. And Professor Newby is simply out of touch in his claim that "a fear of centralized government" identifies a "political reactionary." Irving Kristol, Eric Sevareid, Paul Goodman, and Daniel P. Moynihan, among many others whose liberal credentials are impeccable, have recently expressed such a fear in a convincing way.

Science and the "equalitarian consensus" are treated as if they were synonymous, and "sound social science and necessary social policy" as if they were one. Social science, of course, has nothing at all to do with social policy, necessary or otherwise. Within a conceptual framework social science can describe and analyze a set of facts, but it cannot inform what even the interim result of an

***Challenge to the Court: Social Scientists and the Defense of Segregation, 1954-1966,* by I. A. Newby. Louisiana State University Press, $6.50**

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attempt to "reform" those facts will be. In particular, no social scientist can predict how the so-called civil rights movement, or any of its phases, will combine with other dynamic events and shifting trends, nor predict whether chaos or a "more just social order," however defined, will emerge.

PROFESSOR NEWBY's notion about social necessity in part stems from the old-fashioned philosophic position that values can be derived from facts, and scientific facts at that. Epistemologists now agree that neither science nor social science can determine on *scientific grounds* which of several contested social-political goals or ends should be pursued. Such choices are made on the basis of moral conviction, the prevailing distribution of power, perceived interest, political commitment, and certainly whatever prejudices each individual has accumulated at a given period of his life.

In the court cases reviewed, including *Briggs* and *Davis* as well as *Brown*, Professor Newby admits that the opponents of enforced congregation in public schools were at a disadvantage. They assumed the issue at hand was a policy of public education, while for the proponents the issue was a total overhaul of American life, the "simultaneous elimination" of "the ill effects of segregation" from "society at large."

Professor Newby concludes that a meaningful dialogue with "ultraconservatives" (or, interchangeably, "racists") has become impossible. If the unpleasant tone of dogmatic absolutism in his book is typical, then the channels of communication are indeed narrowing. It is discouraging to reflect how difficult, perhaps impossible, it would be to persuade him that van den Haag has interpreted Negro-white IQ comparisons with honesty and integrity, or that Kilpatrick is deeply concerned about the welfare and interests of America's Negroes.

Records

The C Major of This Life

WILLIAM F. RICKENBACKER

All we have willed or hoped or
dreamed of good shall exist;
Not its semblance, but itself; no
beauty, nor good, nor power
Whose voice has gone forth, but each
survives for the melodist
When eternity affirms the conception
of an hour.

THE VOICE is Abt Vogler's, as orchestrated by Robert Browning. I hadn't thought of the poem for years, and then it started growing again in the back of my head while I listened to Alicia de Larrocha playing Granados. And now I must try to explain why one makes me think of the other.

There is the superficial coincidence that both Granados and Browning were devoted to music and painting, and that many of Browning's finest verses, as Granados' masterpiece, were inspired by the works of great painters. Both of them were Mediterraneans. They were both infatuated with the past, and at the same time romantics. Under decent and formal exteriors each of them harbored elaborate dramas and grand passions. Everyone knows how Elizabeth and Robert met, struck fire, plotted, and eloped to Italy. Not everyone knows that Pantaleón Enrique Granados y Campiña and his wife were on a ship torpedoed by the Germans in 1916; that Granados spotted his wife in the water and jumped out of the life raft to rescue her; that the flames swept over them and they died in each other's arms.

No, it goes beyond that. The binding element in the music of Granados, the verse of Browning, and the piano style of Alicia de Larrocha is *solidity*. Any Spaniard who is infatuated with the past will know consciously what Frederick Wilhelmsen calls a basic element in Spanish character: the feeling of achievement that rests upon

Granados: Goyescas, Escenas Románticas, El Pelele. Alicia de Larrocha, pianist. Epic: B2C 165

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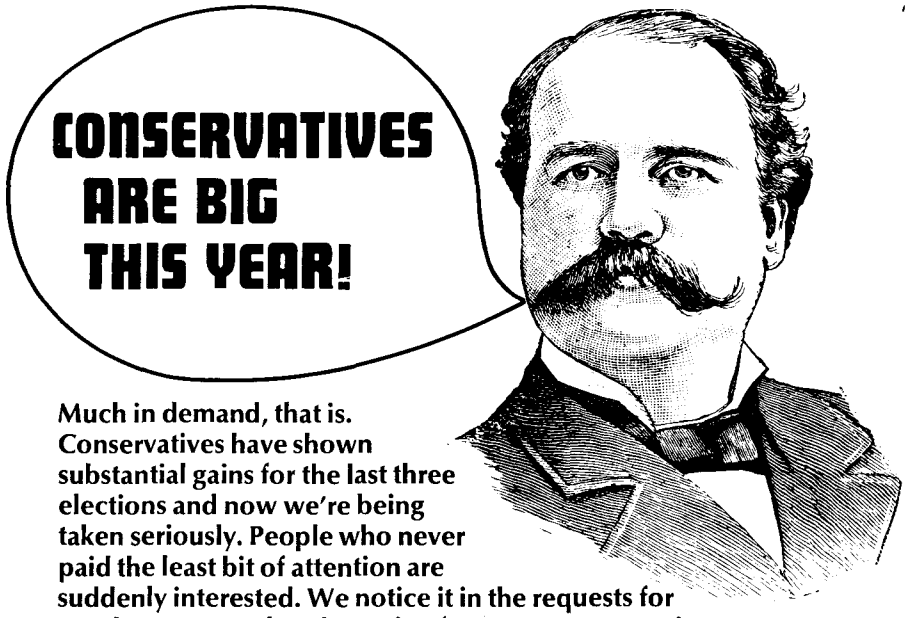

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800 years of struggle to possess one's land. One does not, says Wilhelmsen, struggle for 800 years unless one knows who one is. Put that national self-knowledge into the hands of a conscious artist, and you get what you get in Spanish music: bold, free, individualistic proclamations totally untainted by idiosyncrasy. Thus the mystery of this glorious romanticism luxuriating within a framework so traditional that you need hear only a measure or two of Spanish music in order to place it. Great art always exhibits the endless fascination of variety within unity. Browning, like Brahms, wrote individualistically within quite formal bounds.

ALICIA DE LARROCHA plays this music better than anyone else alive. It may be that she plays the piano better than anyone else alive. Again, solidity: but not the merely technical kind, not the "solidity" that means "not a note missed." The little lady had achieved technical accuracy by the time of her first recital, *aetat. suae* 5. Hers is the solidity of artistic authority. The performer who coughs up the score note by note may be afraid to introduce something of himself into the music. It is the purism of Hofmann, but it is degraded into literalism. Larrocha's fabulous playing is of a completely different order of magnitude. She leaves such wizards as Horowitz far behind. Her playing is so superabundantly full of life and passion that I do believe she would be unable to play a C major scale without turning it into an experience. I have listened to much of her playing, and there is one aspect above all others that raises her art to the very pinnacle: variety, variety, variety. She will not play two notes in sequence at the same dynamic level. Music under her hands is always breathing in or breathing out, it never holds its breath. She will not play three notes in sequence and allow the same time interval twice. Rhythm also in her is a continuous and incredibly subtle forcing and relaxing of the meter.

To do this much would be the work of a normal lifetime. But there is more. Beyond all these complexities of rhythm and volume, Larrocha introduces an enormous and ever-shifting palette of tone. Bass notes go skipping away one time like mice fleeing into the walls; at other times they sound like cannon. Treble notes glint like dewdrops at dawn; or they are crashes of lightning. She accomplishes impossible things with chordal progressions. On an intrument that produces decaying sound as soon as the string is hit, how can tones seem to *grow* while she sustains them? She must have the sharpest staccato attack in the world. One simply bows one's head. Gentlemen, we are in the presence of a superior being. That's it: the vivifying power of a valid and permanent tradition. That one central thrilling tone that Browning knew:

Well, it is earth with me; silence resumes her reign:
I will be patient and proud, and soberly acquiesce.
Give me the keys. I feel for the common chord again,
Sliding by semitones till I sink to the minor,—yes,
And I blunt it into a ninth, and I stand on alien ground,
Surveying awhile the heights I rolled from into the deep;
Which, hark, I have dared and done, for my resting-place is found,
The C Major of this life: so, now I will try to sleep.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

JOURNEY INTO POLITICS, by John V. Lindsay (Dodd, Mead, $4.00). There are interesting questions about John V. Lindsay, but unfortunately none of them is asked or answered here. We have instead a collection of JVL's occasional pieces on his years in the Congress, years during which, Lindsay has remarked elsewhere, he came "close to the edge of being ineffective." One can scarcely recognize *that* Lindsay who lustily exhales, "I found it immensely absorbing to draft a bill and see it through the tortuous pathways of the Congress." One wishes he could have paused long enough to mention the first eight or nine that crowded into his memory. Rehashed in some detail are the legislative battles of the early-to-middle Sixties—foreign aid, immigration, civil rights, selection of committee chairmen, etc.—battles which for the most part no longer engage the emotions. And there are flashes of

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the Lindsay prose style: "We are, perhaps more than any country, a nation of immigrants." And: "Politics, aphoristically speaking, is the art of the possible." (True story, a Lindsay ghostwriter quit *right there.*) We can agree with Lindsay when he writes in his foreword, "So much has taken place since the original draft was written that the book now seems strangely quiet."

N. B. FREEMAN

PRIVATE SCREENINGS: *Views of the Cinema of the Sixties,* by John Simon (Macmillan, $6.95). Film reviews from 1963 to 1966 by the critic for the *New Leader,* plus one essay of substance ("Godard and the Godardians"), a Credo, and a personal list of twelve all-time greats, of which only four were made earlier than 1950 and only one (*Citizen Kane*) by an American. The judgments seem as newly arrived at as the films. Mr. Simon writes for that faculty club audience which began coming to the movies when Ingmar Bergman began making them, and his observations are appropriately sewn with extra-, and sometimes anti-, cinematic erudition. D. W. Griffith is a "nonartist" who is to the art of cinema "what Achilles Tatius was to the art of the novel." Even Richard Lester, the director who declined from *A Hard Day's Night* to *The Knack* and *Help!,* becomes in Simon's lexicon "the John Bunyan of film, producing in sequence *Grace Abounding, Pilgrim's Regress* and *The Life and Death of Mr. Gagman.*" The writing, besides a compulsive paranomasia—"godardliness," Mr. Simon perpetrates, "is next to uncleanliness," and Satyajit Ray's work, if you can stand it, is "the world of oh, pooh!"—displays 1) bulbous invective (various bad films are unhelpfully characterized as "indescribably boring pieces of inhumanity," "this piece of legalized abortion," "a product of crass stupidity," etc.) and 2) a singular abusiveness toward women on the screen whom Mr. Simon finds sexually unattractive. "There is no rodless way of bringing up the movie industry," writes this stern professor—"a big, fat and extraordinarily corrupt baby." Unfortunately for the baby, he consistently misspells "pabulum."

A. CROCE

FLETCHER

(Continued from p. 136)

storekeepers in the cities, get their due quota of words. It would be a mistake for conservatives—or liberals of the Moynihan type—to trust the self-congratulatory sense of powerlessness that pervades the Politics of Emptiness. It has always been a pose of those eager to seize power that they are unlikely to get it.

What links us to humanity and separates us from the beasts is our will to order and due process. Responsible alternatives exist only within the system which has been built up since 1789. The rhetoric undirected by reason and the civic disorder it unleashes are anarchic in the worst sense. Anarchy lies at the heart of the Politics of Emptiness. Some adherents, like Senator Fulbright, would deny the assertion, but their language serves as sufficient proof. Others, like Mr. Kopkind, would delight in finally being recognized. No matter. The mass of the American electorate has the good sense to reject the Politics of Emptiness if it can be shown the anarchic base common to all its pronouncements. Pointing out that base will be something occupying responsible citizens a good deal during the coming months. To do otherwise is to acquiesce in the destruction of the fundamental institutions of our political system and in the abandonment of the rational control which has hitherto distinguished us as human.

LETTERS

(Continued from p. 112)

freedom and wealth in America. Is it not true that man is *too good* for socialism —so good that he should be left alone to live, instead of told how to live? And if a free economy is the most productive, why not "capitalize" on the fact?

I think conservatives still have a lot of thinking to do.

Chapel Hill, N.C. KURT V. LEININGER

After the recent round of letters about the Mormons [Jan. 16] I think it is time to blow the whistle on the misinformation that is being passed around.

Mr. Kilpatrick is correct in asserting in his original article [Dec. 12] that Joseph Smith was the promulgator of the doctrine of plural marriage (popularly referred to as polygamy) and not Brigham Young. However, Mr. Kilpatrick is on shaky ground in stating that Joseph Smith had 44 wives at the

(Continued on p. 153)

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TRANS-O-GRAM

by Svend Petersen

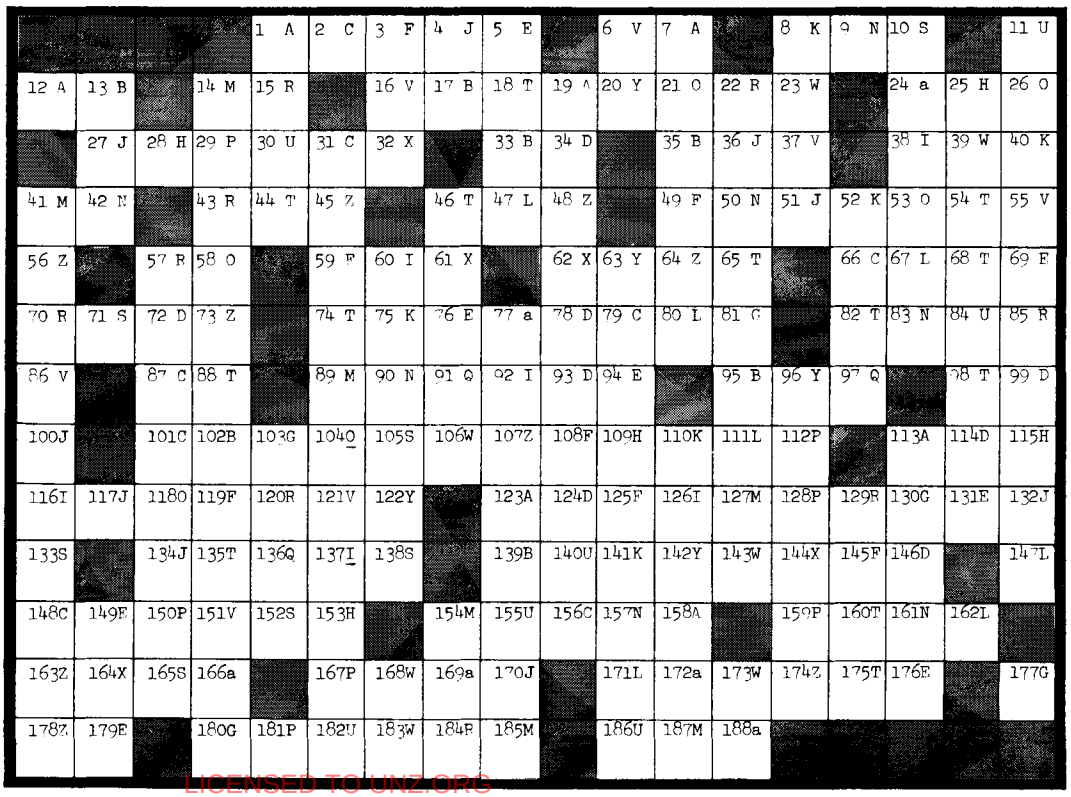
DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Physicians' emblems	1 113 158 12 19 7 123
B. This should be read oftener	17 102 33 13 95 139 35
C. A type of motor	31 156 66 87 2 148 79 101
D. Anything inducing a pleasurable sensation of forgetfulness	34 72 114 78 124 146 99 93
E. What France is to the United States	76 149 5 176 131 69 179 94
F. Puzzle completely	119 59 145 49 108 3 125
G. How Jill came tumbling	130 103 177 81 180
H. A type of bomb	153 28 115 109 25
I. A type of cleaner	92 116 137 126 60 38
J. A former chief justice of the U.S.	100 132 4 27 134 51 117 170 36
K. A small or imperfect ear of corn	141 40 8 52 110 75
L. "Liberals" don't lose sleep over him	162 80 47 67 147 171 111
M. A marked increase or improvement	187 127 89 154 14 41 185
N. The first public showing of an aircraft	50 83 157 161 90 9 42

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
O. A Frenchman Paris can't forget	26 21 104 58 118 53
P. A type of straw hat	112 150 181 159 167 128 29
Q. Unwell	136 91 97
R. Of or pertaining to the night	184 57 22 120 70 129 15 43 85
S. What a famous item of sculpture is named (after The)	10 138 105 152 165 133 71
T. He pitched for Cubs, Reds, Dodgers, Senators, Yankees, (first, last names)	82 18 44 46 54 65 68 74 88 98 135 160 175
U. Animal that feigns death when in danger	155 11 140 182 186 84 30
V. Caused to ripple or undulate,as water	6 151 55 16 121 37 86
W. Vent	39 143 168 173 183 106 23
X. This society is bad company for young people (or old people)	61 164 62 144 32
Y. Towering	96 63 142 20 122
Z. A diminutive residence	73 64 45 163 178 174 107 56 48
a. A boy who keeps up with events	169 24 166 77 172 188

See page 153 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram.

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, blank boxes indicating the end of a word); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



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LETTERS

time of his death. The exact number of his wives is not known, although 28 have been documented. The doctrine of plural marriage is clearly taught in the Doctrine and Covenants (one of the Church's basic books of scripture) and it is also mentioned in the Book of Mormon.

Priesthood in Mormon theology is not a right of membership. Priesthood is bestowed in a completely different ceremony from that in which membership is bestowed. Explicit in the Mormon doctrine of priesthood is the fact that the priesthood as it exists in the Church is divinely given. Many Mormons wonder why the priesthood is not given to all men. The reason is not known. There are unanswered questions in all religions and that is where faith enters in.

Mormon Temples are used for marriage ceremonies, but are not used for christenings or for funeral services. All members of the Church may perform certain ordinances in the Temple. Thus it is incorrect to state that Negroes cannot enter the Temple as any Negro may be admitted to full membership in the Church.

Salt Lake City, Utah ROBERT M. PIXON

Re "The Crito" and Mr. Bennett Gilbert's letter [Jan. 16].

Sin is, of course, not error. Hamartia, as St. Paul teaches in *Romans* (7:19 and 20), is in the will. "For I do not the good that I wish, but the evil that I do not wish, *that* I perform. Now if I do what I do not wish, it is no longer I who do it, but the sin that dwells in me." Briefly then, the solution to the problems created by the rioting mobs (mobs in the main condoned by Dr. King) cannot be more schools and less policemen.

However, "obeying" unjust laws is indeed wicked and stupid. Aristotle and Thomas Aquinas would have left that cell as quickly as Dr. King (presumably) would. For example, Aristotle did not have to "spare the Athenians the disgrace of committing another sin against Philosophy." Neither did St. Thomas have to spare his family and the Pope the disgrace of their folly in making him Abbot of Monte Casino.

It is true that Christ was "obedient unto death" (*Philippians* 2:8) but then He made the laws, didn't He?

New York, N.Y. JOSEPH F. LOWREY

I refer to page 25 of the Jan. 16 issue of NATIONAL REVIEW and wonder if Mr. Ferdinand Mount has ever heard a "patrician" Bostonian speak—the accent of all the Kennedys, including Jack, is almost pure South Boston Irish.

ELIZABETH C. HARRISON

Chihuahua, Mex.

SOLUTION TO LAST ISSUE'S TRANS-O-GRAM (Jan. 30)

W(illia)m P. Anderson: LETTER TO FORBES. Attorney General Clark . . . is a high government official who should be using the powers of his high office to prosecute dope peddlers, bank robbers, crime syndicate gangsters, extortionists, saboteurs, etc., and instead is working hard to beat *legitimate business over the head.*

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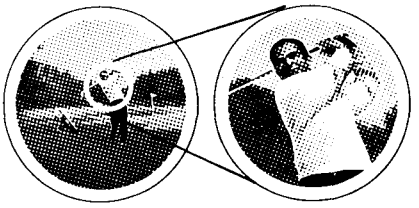

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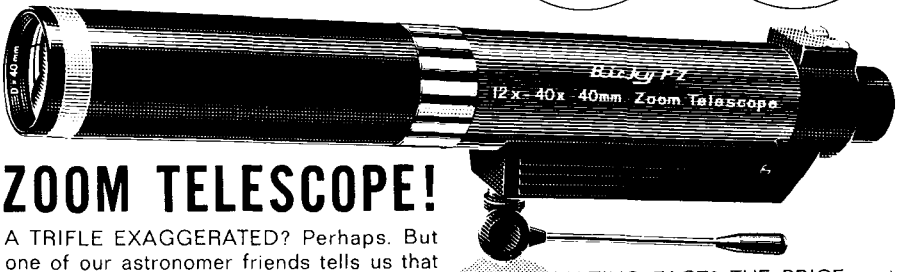

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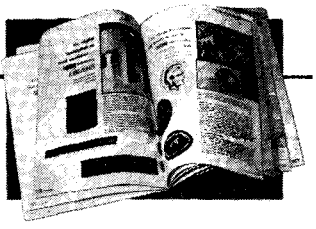

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FOR THE RECORD

■ A hotshot NYC public relations firm that handled **Javits'** campaign in 1962 and **Robert Kennedy**'s in 1964 has moved into New Hampshire to get the stalled **Eugene McCarthy** campaign moving there. Reportedly the pr-people are donating their time; McCarthy's followers will be expected to pick up the rest of the tab. Question: Is former client RFK involved in any way? . . . Out in California, **Jesse Unruh**, not a "Kennedy-Before-West-Virginia Man" by any stretch, putting the pressure on Bobby to declare in in '68. Unruh says he's waiting for word from Kennedy before deciding what Democratic candidate he'll support in November—or more important still, in Chicago in August. . . . Ripon Society poll of its members came out as expected: they like **Rockefeller** the most and think he has the best chance to beat **LBJ**. However, Ripon members indicate they feel **Richard Nixon** will get the nomination. . . . Rockefeller caught in squeeze on Oregon. It might suit his purposes to have vigorous write-in campaign there, rather than declaring and stumping state, but —remember his '64 slogan?—"He Cared Enough to Come to Oregon."

■ How's the state of the Left? On Feb. 10, the Peking-oriented *National Guardian* goes to a new and bigger format (sixteen pages instead of twelve, expanded news coverage, more columns) and changes its name to the *Guardian* (someone's afraid the *National Guardian* could be confused with the National Guard). . . . On May 1, the old Communist *Worker* is scheduled to reappear as the *Daily World* (eight pages five days a week, a weekend twenty-page supplement) that will be the "Marxist [as opposed to Maoist] voice in America." . . . **William Patterson** of *Worker* (now a bi-weekly) says it has raised $250,000 of the $1 million it needs to publish a daily. (This follows trend of British *Worker* which disappeared over a year ago and was resurrected as the *Morning Star*.) . . . Students for a Democratic Society also on upsurge, according to *Newsday*, which estimates its membership is up to 30,000 nationally, from 2,500 two years ago. . . . **Greg Calvert**, a national

The Sun, London — Ben Roth Agency

"Honey, I sure don't like the look of things."

officer of SDS, says if his group succeeds in demonstrations it is now planning, "the President of the United States will not be able to campaign safely this year." . . . SDS finds Eugene McCarthy too moderate for its taste; is shopping around for other peace candidate; no mention these days of **Martin Luther King—Benjamin Spock** ticket. . . . While Mayor Daley assures Democrats he won't allow anti-LBJ demonstrators to disturb convention in August, Miami, where the Republicans will meet, is building **six-foot-high divider** around convention hall to keep out intruders.

■ And spies are ever with us: New Czech regime is now hinting that **Charles Jordan**, the representative of the American Jewish Joint Distribution Committee who was found drowned under mysterious circumstances in Prague last August, may have been knocked off by Soviet agents. Swiss Dr. **Ernest Hardmeier**, who was allowed by Czechs to do autopsy on Jordan, was himself murdered last December before handing in his final report. . . . Czech authorities have quietly released **Serge Oldenbourg** (brother of the author Zoé Oldenbourg) whom they have held since early 1967 on charges of helping a Czech national escape the country. He was exchanged for a Czech spy imprisoned by France. . . . Italian parachutist **Giorgio Rinaldi**, a major key in a multi-nation Soviet spy ring directed at NATO, has been convicted and sentenced to fifteen-year term despite ingenious defense. Rinaldi admitted he was a Soviet agent but insisted he limited his spy activities to Spanish territory.

■ Crewmen of the U.S. aircraft carrier *Franklin D. Roosevelt*, who were prevented from landing in Cape Town a year ago after local residents had organized all sorts of welcoming do's for them, sent their would-be hosts a **yard-long Christmas card** this year, signed by 120 members of the crew. . . . Rhodesians enjoying themselves: they're collecting funds to repay British government for cost of four shells a **British warship** sent over the bow of a French tanker (which England had decided shouldn't enter the Rhodesian port of Beira—but which did). Britain needs all the help she can get, you know.

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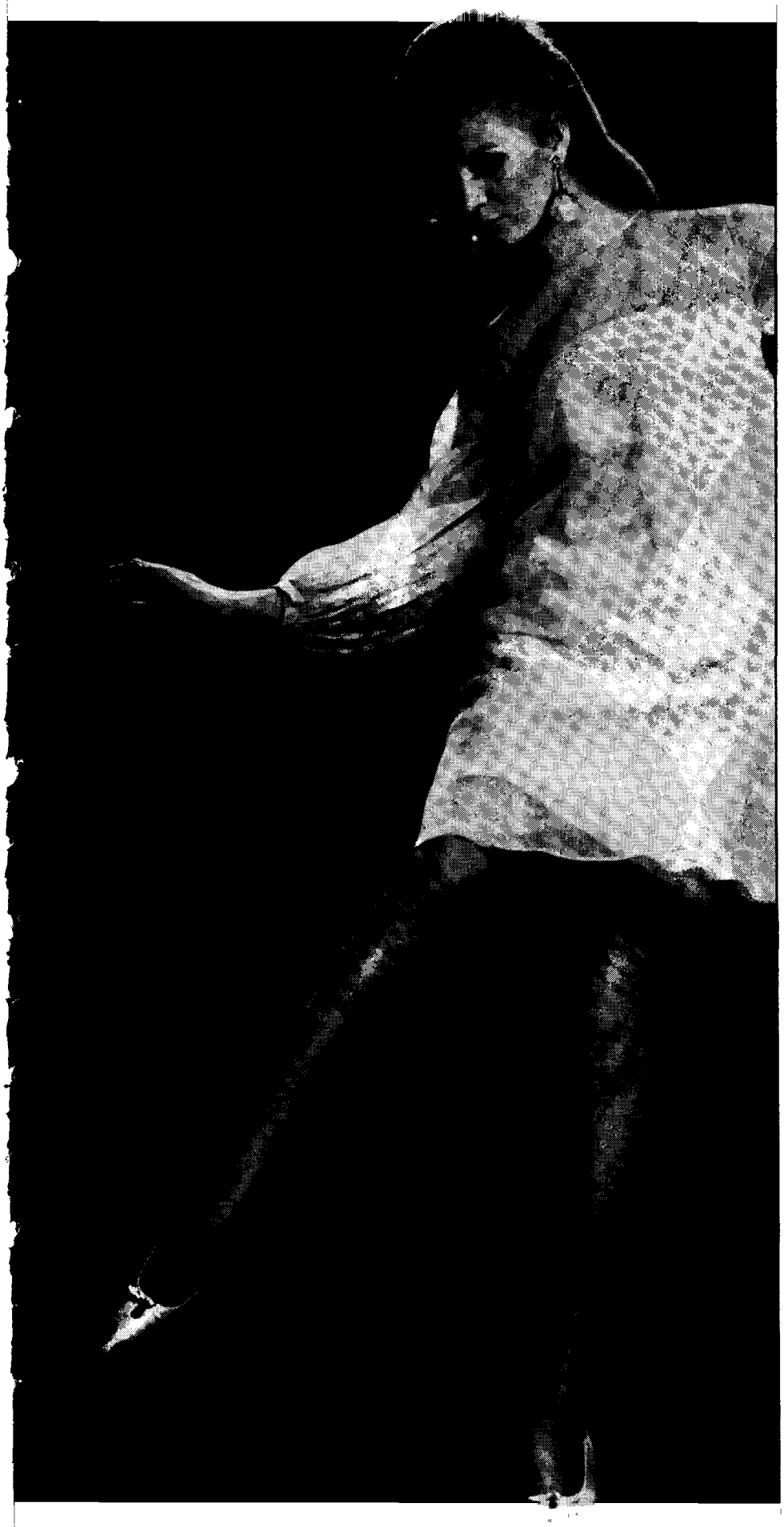

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